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THE NATIONAL  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL IN AMERICA  
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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

VOLUME LIII.—No. 595.  
Price Ten Cents.



HER HUSBAND WILL SUE FOR DIVORCE.  
STARTLING REVELATION MADE OF A YOUNG WIFE'S INFIDELITY AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

## TO THE TRADE. THE BATTLE OF THE CHAMPIONS.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

A statistician who has just issued a report on crime in modern society, states that the more pious and straitlaced a community is the more wicked it is at heart, and he brings figures to prove it. Of course hypocrisy and secret vice always go together.

Five condemned murderers are now awaiting execution in the Tombs of this city. They are men, and will travel by the electric route. Eleven other men and four women are held to answer charges of murder, the evidence against them being very strong.

A. Frank Clark, Chief of Police of Frankfort, N. Y., writes to say that the POLICE GAZETTE has always been a great help to him in apprehending fugitives from justice. We have no doubt of it. There are thousands of other chiefs of police waiting for the opportunity to say the same thing.

Complaints of actors duped by managers come to us from time to time. If actors and actresses would not take the average manager's word as readily as they take the average hotel keeper's towels and writing paper there wouldn't be so many broken promises and so many walks home on railroad tracks.

Two young women residing near St. Louis, Mo., were made widows recently in a hurry. A terrible domestic tragedy deprived them of their husbands immediately after the knot which joined them in holy wedlock was tied. They were stolen brides, and their angry pater familias treated their husbands just as he probably would have treated any thief. He shot them.

Peter All brought suit in Brooklyn against certain parties interested in the manufacture of air ships. Exhibitions were to be given at Coney Island, and All was engaged to keep the crowd together by the rendition of popular melodies on the cornet, while his employers availed themselves of the opportunity to get in a point now and again in favor of their hobby. They broke their contract with All, and now he resorts to law to recover the amount he claims to be legally due him. The suit came up in a Brooklyn court the other day. The judge pronounced the air ship company a wind jammer enterprise. They employed a wind jammer and wanted to pay him with wind. The whole scheme was conceived in wind, born in wind and was expected to be floated in wind. We should not be surprised if this windy affair should raise another cyclone in Brooklyn.

Mr. B. B. Morton, editor of the Pocahontas, Ark., Free Press, writes the publisher of the POLICE GAZETTE as follows, under date of Jan. 8:

"In looking through some of my papers I found an old POLICE GAZETTE, the date of which is April 22, 1865, and thinking that you would probably like to have it, I send the same to you by registered mail. I have always been a great believer in the GAZETTE. But what a contrast there is in it now, under its present management, and twenty-three years ago!"

The copy of the GAZETTE alluded to is a four-page sheet in newspaper form. The front page contains illustrations of the shooting of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, and other events in connection with the foul crime which plunged this nation into grief. Though somewhat faded and tattered, it bears evidence of having been well taken care of, as it deserves to be, owing to the interest and importance of its contents. At that time it ranked high as an illustrated newspaper, but compared with the GAZETTE of to-day, it sinks into insignificance. To use a bit of slang, it is nowhere.

## MASKS AND FACES

"Catch On To Her Toes!"...  
Wild and Scanlan.

"THE TOILET OF VENUS."

Lady Macbeth--Bob Fraser On  
George Fox.

DEATH OF DOLARO.

Some Orchestra Leaders--Gilbert  
On Tights.

"I went to see Mrs. Potter as Cleopatra the other night with Florence Ashbrooke," said May Thomas to me last week. "I was deeply moved by Belle's death scene. In fact, I confess I took out my handkerchief and had a good cry. I was crying away silently, opera-



glass in hand, when Florence suddenly touched my arm. 'Look!' said she. I saw Mrs. Potter stretched out in an impossible attitude of grief, her feet turned inward. 'Catch on to her toes!' added 'Florence, irreverently. I did so; and had to laugh in spite of myself. It was too funny to see the big toes of Mrs. James Brown's two feet coquetting with each other, leaning toward each other in the most friendly manner. Mrs. Potter doesn't manage her legs any better than she does her toes. She can't walk in tights. The youngest burlesque girl looks more at ease in them. But, I suppose, we can't all do everything well. Some say I can't act."

Mr. Gilbert, partner of Sir Arthur Sullivan, doesn't seem to be in the best of humors nowadays. Some one asked him recently whether he would abolish tights. "Of course I would, if they were merely worn to enhance the attractions of the leg. A Rosalind may wear decent tights, but they are necessary for the part. But what I object to are the rows of ladies' tight-clothed legs, which are merely worn, in my opinion, to gratify the eyes of the young gentlemen in the stalls. In the old days when I wrote burlesques I was glad enough to get my pieces produced, but, having no authority, I had no choice in the matter. When I came into power I was told that burlesques without legs meant ruin. As I have told you, I consider our burlesque pieces burlesques; was I right or wrong?"

John Wild came to town last week, and made his stellar metropolitan debut at the Star. The houses were good. The play he chose, "Running Wild," is something like his name. It's rather a wild means for the introduction of all kinds of games, witticisms, songs, dances and situations. It admits of all sorts of things, and all kinds of things are in it. John Wild plays a dual role in the piece. In the first part, as Joe King, he blacks his face. In the second, as Dolly Flax, he appears in his own comical white physiognomy. He is best in black.

Gettrude Fort tried to look young and pretty and succeeded in doing well and singing fairly.

St. George Hussey was first rate as "the lady that does the clanking."

Adele Bray was the typical stage old maid.

I wish they'd die out.

Julie Mackey has a catchy voice.

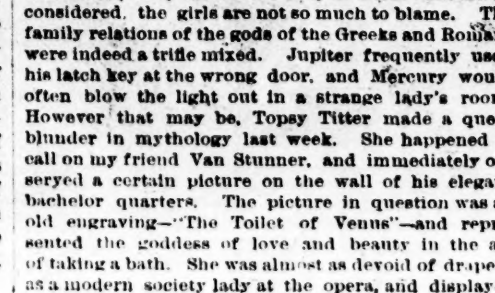
Ada Jones, Millie Sheridan, Lena Hasswell are fair.

Lottie Hyde and May Sheridan are a well-coached pair.

Mr. John Wild has divided his play into three parts, "good morning," "good evening," "good gracious."

If I add "good luck" I hope it will come true.

Our burlesque girls are not well up in ancient mythology. I have known of one who thought Cupid was a girl, and alluded to the young gentleman as such. I have known another who supposed Juno was a brother of Mars, and spoke of the lady as such. All things considered, the girls are not so much to blame. The family relations of the gods of the Greeks and Romans were indeed a trifle mixed. Jupiter frequently used his latch key at the wrong door, and Mercury would often blow the light out in a strange lady's room. However that may be, Topsy Titter made a queer blunder in mythology last week. She happened to call on my friend Van Stunner, and immediately observed a certain picture on the wall of his elegant bachelor quarters. The picture in question was an old engraving--"The Toilet of Venus"--and represented the goddess of love and beauty in the act of taking a bath. She was almost as devoid of drapery as a modern society lady at the opera, and displayed



charms almost as rich as those of a modern siren at a fashionable fancy ball. "Oh, Mr. Van," exclaimed Miss Topsy Titter, after looking at this picture for a moment with her big baby blue eyes, "oh, Mr. Van, is that the way they dress in Venice?"

Bob Fraser twirled his mustache a little, squinted his eyes a bit, raised his voice just a trifle, and gave me some souvenirs of George L. Fox, the clown. "I was the first man to notice," said Bob, "that Fox was becoming ineane. I was playing with him at the time, taking the place of his brother in 'Humpty Dumpty in Every Clime,' which I arranged. It was in New Bedford, Mass. In the bedroom scene in 'Humpty Dumpty' Fox and I were about to go to bed, when I noticed

that Fox suddenly fell on his knees and began to pray. First I thought Fox was drunk but then I remembered he never drank a drop. I didn't think of the freak any more until next evening. Fox asked me to put on my evening dress suit as he wished me to go to an entertainment with him. When I came down from my bed room I found that it was raining very hard. I looked out of the window. A pitiable sight did I see. There, in the middle of the street, in the pelting rain, in his dress suit but without hat or coat, stood the great white face pantomime clown. I ran out and begged Fox to come in. He haughtily refused, but dragged me into a drug store near by where he bought twenty dollars worth of tooth brushes and tooth powder, although he had only three teeth in his mouth. I countermanded the order but Fox would have the things, and went home with them. Fox had spells of aberration but didn't die for a year or so after the first attack."

To change the subject rather abruptly, Jimmy Richmond, of Richmond and Gilroy, has been indulging in poetry lately, and here is some of it:

Here lies a Song and Ballad Man.  
For the times he was too slow;  
He was "dread" in Kansas City  
And canceled at St. Joe;  
He played the museum circuits  
Till some one stole his bride;  
The only gag that he could tell  
Was, "Keggs, he liked 'em fried."

Here lies a Singing Soubrette.  
She never did a sketch;  
She played with one attraction  
Weeks sixty on a stretch;  
She never appeared in a first-part  
Or went inside a box.  
A favorite great in Yonkers  
Lies 'neath these "graven rocks."

Here lies an Old-Time Manager.  
Who in life had many tropes;  
He played U. T. U. with a juvenile man.  
Charlot and seven hips;  
He manifested in art painting;  
Billed the town three years ahead;  
But people where his shows have been  
Are glad to hear he's dead.

Billy Scanlan, who appeared in "Myles Ardon" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last week, is a sympathetic actor, but he has little presence and less voice. He writes his own songs, they tell us, but he sings them indifferently. The women and children love him, however, and he evidently loves children. The swing scene catches the fancy of the house immensely. In this play Scanlan takes the part of an Irish lad, wrongfully accused of theft. Of course he clears himself and marries his girl.

That girl, Mattie Ferguson, is a very comely girl and one who can act.

And Stella Tanton looks handsome in her short hair and her bare arms, but that low cut dress is a trifle low for garden wear and I felt like flinging the lady a chest protector instead of a bouquet.

The cast supporting Scanlan is good. Millie Sackett, Mary Warner and Lucy Waters are pretty.

Robert McNeil is a competent comedian. And the songs went with a rush and the houses were enthusiastic.

Conversation overheard between Snee and Cracker:  
"Were you at the theatre last night?"

"I was."

"How did you like the setting?"

"Can't tell you, I'm sure. Had to stand all evening."

I caught sight of Annie Russell on Broadway last week. The little ingenue of the Madison Square

tripped along at a brisk pace. She had on a tailor-made coat and a toque. Her dresses are always made puffy, so as to fill out her slight, girlish figure. Miss Russell lives in the Chelsea and receives one afternoon a week. Her flat is simply and tastefully furnished. On the first night of "Elaine," a woman friend of hers, a painter, came into her dressing room between the acts and complimented her on her dresses. "What a beautiful dress you wear in the second act." Not a word about her acting. Miss Russell said nothing for some minutes. Then she remarked: "O, I went to the Academy of Design last week. I saw your picture there. What a beautiful frame you put it in!" The friend who had complimented her on her dresses instead of her acting took the hint.

Mrs. Langtry, as Lady Macbeth, surprised her friends and routed her enemies.

She gave a consistent, if not always a forcible, rendition of the ambitious lady.

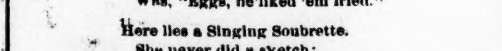
Her declamation was studied, but effective.

In the banquet scene she was listless, weak, but in the murder scene she had her part, as well as her daggers, well in hand.

Ellen Terry, they tell us, plays Lady Macbeth in shoes once worn by Mrs. Siddons.

Langtry plays it in robes that cost a cool thousand.

Charles Coghlan enacted the speculative, weak-willed Thane in a scholarly, deliberate way.



You could take a cocktail between some of his sentences.

You could have your boots blacked between others. But he did bring out the sense of the magnificent lines in a magnificent way.

Joe Wheelock had a popular, patriotic success. The piece is not put on with any great display. The supers were not numerous enough and not well trained. They marched in wretched order.

Two of the witches ought to have dropped into the cauldron. They were vile.

I couldn't look at the supers in "Macbeth," by the way, without thinking of Denman Thompson.

It was as a super in "Macbeth," in 1880, that Old Joe made his theatrical debut. He was walking by the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, one day when he saw an ad. asking for supers. Charlotte Cushman played Lady Macbeth. A. J. Neade played Macbeth. And Denman Thompson carried a bucket and spear and earned his first stage money.

I saw the old man pass the Fifth Avenue the other day and look at the posters displayed there. I'll bet he thought of his early days as he did so.

Remaining in my chair between the acts, I have often been distracted by the wretched music of some of the orchestras.

Leaders of metropolitan theatres provide their hearers. Their selections are generally in the worst taste. One wielder of the baton, for instance, gives you a dash of "Barbe Bleue" during the intermission of a tragedy. Another gives you the funeral

sounds of the "Prophet" plump in the middle of a comedy. When you feel like meditating you are confounded by a dance tune. When you feel jolly your good humor is spoiled by a dirge.

Henry Puerner, at the Lyceum, is a singer in some of these respects. Neither his musical selections nor the renditions of them suit the character of the house.

Frank Howson, of the Madison Square, is another orchestra leader who doesn't seem to know his business. At least he doesn't adapt his work to the refined tastes of his audience.

Dave Braham, at Harrigan's, has one of the best orchestras for his catchy style of music in town. You whistle his tunes before you're half way out of the house.

Gus Kerker, at the Bijou, directs his men with the snap and fizzle of a champagne bottle.

Harry Widmer, at Daly's, is subdued, artistic, in keeping with the plush-lined atmosphere and low-voiced gentility surrounding him.

Jesse Williams, of the Casino, has enough dash and spirit in his conductorship to make the fattest chorus girl bestir herself a bit, and occasionally make the most rotund of prime donne show some sign of emotion.

Last, but by no means least, comes Ernest Meyer, of the Broadway Theatre. He has one of the most artistic and well-drilled orchestras in the city. Noyes, in looks, is the image of McCaul. They might play the Two Drums and not be known apart.

Orchestra leaders get from forty to sixty a week. Most of them give lessons in the day time. The average musician of a first-rate theatre gets from twenty-five to thirty-five a week. Orchestra leaders generally change their programmes every week and drink from six to sixteen glasses of beer every night.

I ran across Alfred Trumble on Broadway the other night.

He was humming a ditty something like this in a minor key:

"He playeth best who loveth best  
All music gay and grand;  
But give the minstrel two days' ears  
Who Wagner's affairs stand stand."

Since Trumble is now known as the editor of the new paper, *Lies*, I really don't know whether I can take him at his word, whether these lines express his real opinion.

There is a grain of truth in what he says, however. Melina Dolaro is dead. The whilom gay impersonator of "Olivette" and "Perichole," the novelist, quibbler, playwright, paraphraser is no more.

Her little figure will no more be seen at first nights.

Heron-Allen will have to go alone or with some one else.

Dolaro created a sensation some years ago by giving a "Midnight Impromptu" at University Club Theatre. It was announced to be a swell half theatrical half social affair, where clubmen could meet actors and actresses. The affair was to begin at midnight. Tickets were issued at a fever apiece. Curiosity brought a lot of people together. Frank Wilson, Lillian Russell, Marshall Wilder, Frederic, Teddy Solomon appeared.

Dolaro was nothing if not eccentric. She liked notoriety. I interviewed her once. She was broken in health then; a little woman in a red shawl, a woolen skirt, unkempt hair, a nose swollen from a cold and a husky voice. "Say anything about me," she said to me; "I don't care." As I looked at her, sitting there shivering and sniffing, I could not but think of the day when she was young and pretty and captivated the dudes.

Dolaro published a book, "Mes Amours," a couple of years ago. The first half contains love poems addressed to her by her admirers in the days of her glory. She interspersed these love poems with sarcastic comments of her own. The second part contains poems of her own.

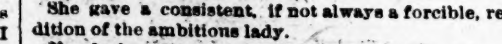
And now it's all over.

Cupid can toy with Death for a long time, but in the end gets back at him in the end all the same.

What's the difference?

As Henry Irving recently recited the words of the poem of Henley.

"Fools may pine and poets may swell,  
Cynics jibe and prophets rail,  
Moralists may scourge and drill,  
Preachers prose and faint hearts quail.  
Let them whine, or threaten, or wall!  
Till the touch of Circumstance  
Down to darkness sink the scale.  
Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance."



Elegant cabinet photos of all the noted pugilists, athletes, pedestrians, ball players, carmen, billiardists, will be sent to any address from this office on receipt of each.



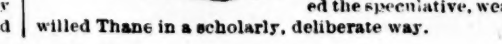
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# McGLORY'S 400.

## BALLS, LIQUID AND SOLID.

### McGlory's Prize Pandango--How Dolly Danced the Cancan.

### SILVER HILL'S GREAT DANCE.

### A Blizzard From Orange County --A Life-Saving Goat.

### A WIFE, A BLONDE, AND A WALTZ.

### New York's Champagne Idiots.

My rather wild but not otherwise insane young friend, Jaggs, walked into the club the other night in full dress, and called for a noggin of his favorite frozen absolute in a great hurry.

"Going to a wedding, Jaggs?" asked Baggs.

"No," replied Jaggs; "I'm going to take Dolly to the ball."

Dolly, I may parenthetically mention, is a young lady of theatrical antecedents, in whom Jaggs is temporarily interested to the extent of a flat and an allowance.

"Ball!" cried Baggs. "Why, you are ahead of time. The French ball don't come off till next week."

"Ah!" replied Jaggs. "But Billy McGlory's does."

And he bolted for the door, where Dolly, done up in white satin and sealskin, was waiting for him in the nearest little brougham in New York.

"McGlory's ball, hey?" remarked Baggs, reflectively.

"Gad! There ought to be some fun there. I'll take it in, too."

And he rang for a hansom.

"Where are you going, Baggs?" demanded Faggs.

"McGlory's ball," returned Baggs, sententiously.

"By Jove!" cried Faggs. "Take a fellow with you."

In an hour more the news had spread, and half the Lowcuss Club was on its way to the East Side to shake its shins at Billy McGlory's ball.

There are balls that are held in tumbler, and balls that are held in halls. Generally, indeed, they go together, and Billy McGlory's great annual festival to Terpsichore at Armory Hall was no exception to the rule.

"Hamlet," with Hamlet left out, would be a pretty dull play, and Hester street without Billy McGlory and Armory Hall would not be as much of a street as it is. But Billy and his hall are in the old place yet, and Hester street has not yet become a graveyard.

The great McGlory ball was opened with a hurrah and closed with a revolver. Between these periods Mr. McGlory's Four Hundred danced and enjoyed itself till the foundations of the house began to settle and the cellar was emptied so dry that a consumptive cockroach could not have got a headache on the leavings.

As for the deputation from the Lowcuss Club, it excelled itself.

Nobody knew that Faggs had it in him to waltz with



DOLLY DID THE CAN-CAN WITH JAGGS.

a cream colored belle from Thompson street and turn a double handspike as a finale; and when Dolly descended from her box and did a can-can with Jaggs with all the vim of the fifth quart of champagne cider, the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds.

Mr. McGlory himself offered the fair reveller a standing engagement as can-canist at \$100 a night and a commission on the root beer and cider she sold, and by general acclamation she was voted the star of the occasion.

"Gad!" cried the delighted Jaggs, "I knew she'd wipe 'em out."

And he registered a vow to look in at Tiffany's and do a little buying at the diamond counter for the fair fascinators the first thing in the morning.

Next to Dolly, the Devil and Jack the Ripper were the two attractions of the great McGlory ball. There were more devils in Armory Hall than one could find in Hades in an hour's walk, and though there was only one Jack the Ripper he was hideous enough to fill the bill for a dozen.

"Isn't he a darling!" cried a buxom charmer, whose accent betrayed her recent departure from White-chapel beyond a doubt. "He's so devilish ugly a girl could almost eat him."

And she carried the counterfeit of the scientific Whitechapel lacerator off and filled him up with ginger ale and lemonade on toast.

While they were absorbing the sparkling and invigorating fluid at the refreshment counter, a pretty, demure little blonde hailed Mr. McGlory at the door.

"Has my gentleman friend come yet?" she asked.

"Why, certainly," replied the genial host, prompt-

ly. "He's in the next room, being treated to fizzy water by London Maggie."

There was a lively scene in the wine room two minutes later. When it was over the pretty little blonde was removed in a hack, and Jack the Ripper and London Maggie opened a fresh bottle of Jersey champagne.

At the stroke of midnight, Faggs, who had been doing a fandango with a nun from Thirty-third street, suggested that they should adjourn for refreshments. When they entered the bar, they found a group of fairs in tights and unsold wings, around a long, thin, melancholy-looking dude, taking turns trying to kick his leg off.

"Why, Byles, you scoundrel!" cried Faggs, "what are you doing here?"

"Big pardon, sir," replied the dude, humbly. "But Mr. McGlory hired me to come here and let the girls kick at my hat. He gives a prize to the lady that kicks it off the oftenest."



HOW LONDON MAGGIE DID UP THE "PRETTY LITTLE BLONDE."

Faggs concluded to forgive his festive valet this once, and ordered up the beef tea for the crowd. When Byles helped his master into a coach at 4 A. M. he had a handkerchief tied over his head and a Chrystie street fairy with pink tights had captured Mr. McGlory's prize and was left of the hat.

The midnight hour had sounded when a dark cloud for a moment hovered over the festive scene.

It was the arrival of the Thompson street delegation for the cake-walk. The delegation was in its best clothes, and had its wool oiled and its razors freshly ground.



FAIRIES IN TIGHTS AMUSING THEMSELVES.

There was a coffee-colored George Washington and a cafe au lait Queen Elizabeth; a chocolate tinted Uncle Sam and a burnt-umber hued Marie Antoinette; in fact, the delegation did itself more credit in the variety of its characterizations than in their accuracy to the originals.

But they were there to walk for a cake, and they did walk for it and afterwards cut it up with their razors. They might have done worse, for they might have carved each other up if they had felt so inclined. But the tender and gentle harmony of the great McGlory ball was not disturbed by any of the horrors of Ethiopian carnage. Only the dull thud of an occasional reveler made disorderly by copious draughts of cider or wels beer, as the vigilant and muscular bouncer tossed him down the stairs, varied the peaceful palpitant of dancing feet on the waxed floor, and the dulcet melody of the band; at least until the bluish dawn began to redden the cheeks of the coy and modest East.

Then a small man, whose hundred pounds of humanity were lost in the ample folds of a ferocious cowboy costume, jumped into the middle of the dancing floor and yelled:

"Whoop!"

The dancing closed at once.

"I'm a blistering blizzard from Montgomery, Orange county, N. Y.!" yelled the little man. "I travel a million miles a minute, and everywhere I strike I freeze things up!"

"Oh, freeze up yourself!" retorted a bystander.

"My breath is frost!" yelled the little man, heedless of the interruption.

"It smells more like dead skunk," retorted another of the crowd.



THE THOMPSON STREET DELEGATION.

"My body is ice!" howled the Orange county blizzard.

"Then go sit on yourself and cool off!" shouted the crowd.

At this the little man pulled a revolver of the size of a small gun from his pocket and began to shoot the lights out.

"Bed time," he yelled. "The stars are out!"



THE BLISTERING BLIZZARD FROM ORANGE COUNTY.

"And so are you," observed Mr. McGlory.

And in another minute the little man was standing on his head in the gutter, outside, and the dance had been resumed.

There were some persons who averred that Mr. McGlory had employed this excitable individual as an addition to the general entertainment, but this is no doubt a base slander. If Mr. McGlory had wanted a cowboy at his ball he would have got one with the hide, hoofs and horns on, complete.

There is nothing half way about the gait Mr. McGlory, of Armory Hall, travels, except the half-way houses where he opens wine when he goes out for a brush with Bonner and Frank Work on the road; for though Mr. McGlory, out of regard for the welfare of the friends whom he is fond of having in to dance and sport with him of an evening, serves them only with temperance drinks, he is not averse to a glass of the sparkler himself when he is away from home.

"Come again, gentles," said our host, as the deputation from the Lowcuss Club bade him good morning.

The deputation promised it would, and at the next annual celebration at Armory Hall it will turn out in force, if it has got over the effects of the McGlory brand of champagne cider by that time.

By the way, I haven't seen Jaggs since that morning we parted in Hester street but I hear that his doctor says he thinks he can pull him through. Dolly is still under the weather, and Faggs has been acting as his own valet, for Byles has eloped with the Chrystie street fairy in the pink tights for parts unknown.

Talking about balls, that must have been a queer one they had in a Montana mining camp last week. It was given to celebrate the opening of a new saloon and gambling house, and the whole town was invited.

The invitations stated that it was to be a fancy dress affair, and that all the ladies were to come in male attire and all the men dressed as women. They came.

Bearded prospectors in petticoats danced with buxom housewives in breeches, and the sentimental tenderfoot aped the manners of a young girl, while the pretty girls of the camp did their best to do justice to their pantaloons and boiled shirts.

The fun lasted till a dispute arose between a couple of bearded women who undertook to settle it with their revolvers, while the beardless men fled, screaming, across lots for home.



TRIpping THE LIGHT-FANTASTIC IN A MONTANA MINING CAMP.

The list of dead and wounded has not come in yet, but Silver Hill is reported to be proud of its prize ball. It certainly ought to be.

Going to a ball has led to a separation in the family of Moses Atchinson, of Cincinnati, that is interesting that gentleman's special circle.

One night recently Moses remarked to his wife:

"Mary, I have just to go down to the office on business and shan't be back till late. You needn't sit up for me."



A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Mary promised not to and Moses departed. A couple of hours later a friend of Mary's called and remarked:

"I see Moses isn't here."

"No," replied Mrs. Atchinson. "He has gone down to the office on business."

Photographs of all sporting and theatrical celebrities can be obtained from this office. Send 2c. stamp for catalogue and price list.

"Has he?" sneered the visitor. "Well, I guess he's through by this time, for my husband saw him at Haasenspeffer's Hall an hour ago dancing with a blonde girl from Over the Rhine."

Mrs. Atchinson concluded that she would like to view this interesting spectacle herself, and sure enough she found the fickle Moses in a hired dress suit, thumping the floor in a Highland Fling with a bleached blonde with a small nose and freckles.

The bleached blonde will not go to any more balls for several days yet, and Moses, who jumped out of a window to get away from his irate Mary, will spend the rest of the winter in the hospital.

Moral—Always take your wife to balls with you and then you will not get into trouble.

One of the comic papers recently got off a joke about the strong man in a dime museum not being able to do his feats of strength because the performing goat had eaten up all the paper cannon balls. The performing goat appears to be of more use in real life than to eat up paper cannon balls, however.

A Chicago dime museum performer, who did an act with a goat, kept this sagacious animal in a room adjoining the one in which she, her husband and their little baby slept. The other night while she and her husband were swigging beer after the performance at a convenient creek where the Gamberian beverage flowed in purling floods a fire broke out in their house. The goat had learned a trick of opening doors, and



THE PERFORMING GOAT AND THE BABY.

when the smoke began to thicken he got into his mistress' room, dragged the baby off the bed with his teeth, opened the room door and was pulling the child along the burning hall when the opportune arrival of the firemen rescued both goat and baby.

The owners of the rescuer and rescued arrived to find only the ashes of their home and the intelligent brute and the fortunate object of its solicitude being cared for by a good-hearted neighbor. If that goat has not been presented with a medal it surely ought to be.

Speaking of balls, there is—or, more properly speaking, was—a young Brooklynite who got an overdose of them last week. He made a wager that he could drink two quarts of champagne in a given time and he did it, but he will not drink any more wine or anything else.

The brand of champagne which provided him with a funeral is not stated by the newspaper reports of the affair. There are some wines, however, that might be confidently guaranteed to finish an average man upon the first pint.

In common justice there ought to be a burial certificate and an order on an undertaker with every bottle.

New York is the greatest champagne city in the world. There is more champagne—or what is so called—swilled here in six months than in London in a year. The wonder is not that a man does drop dead of it, but that they don't drop dead all the while.

A guest at Delmonico's the other night got off easier than the Brooklyn victim of the fatal fizz. He, too, dropped from his chair to the floor, but when he was picked up he was not dead—only dead drunk.

There was no doubt many an impecunious dude at Del's that night who would have liked to have had half his calamity.

HI FLYER.

## HER HUSBAND WILL SUE FOR DIVORCE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A despatch from St. Paul, Minn., under date of Jan. 17, says: Society was shocked beyond expression this morning by the announcement that S. S. Eaton, Jr., and Mrs. Irene Hume, two of the most prominent young people in the city, had been fined in the Municipal Court for disorderly conduct. They were arraigned in the same court in the afternoon on the charge of criminal intimacy. The complaint was sworn out by Robert Hume, the husband of the woman. Mr. Hume is the superintendent of the Northern Pacific Express Company, and Eaton is in the real estate and insurance business with his father in the German-American Bank building. Hume has suspected his wife of infidelity for a month, and has had a detective from Chicago and several police officers watching her. Last night Officer Godfrey was set to watch the house, and at half-past eight young Eaton and Mrs. Hume were seen to enter. The officer informed the Chicago detective, and they gained admission to the Eaton mansion through the connivance of servants. At a few minutes after twelve they appeared at the door of the sleeping apartment of young Eaton, and in a loud voice demanded to know who his companion was. The rays of a dark lantern were thrown into the room and the guilty pair were caught as *deshabille*. Mr. Hume will file a suit for a divorce.

## THEY FOUGHT IN EARNEST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The audience at the Standard Theatre, Cincinnati, O., were treated to a Western scene on Tuesday night that was very exciting and decidedly more realistic than the programme announced.

It was in the act of the melodrama where Capt. Jack Crawford, the scout, and Running Deer, a chief of the Comanche tribe, fight a duel.

According to the play the scout should have taken the knife from the redskin, but the latter had, during the day, imbibed too freely of Cincinnati fire water and did not propose to be covered by a pale face, and fought to kill.

It was a desperate and hard-fought battle, with long and sharp knives.

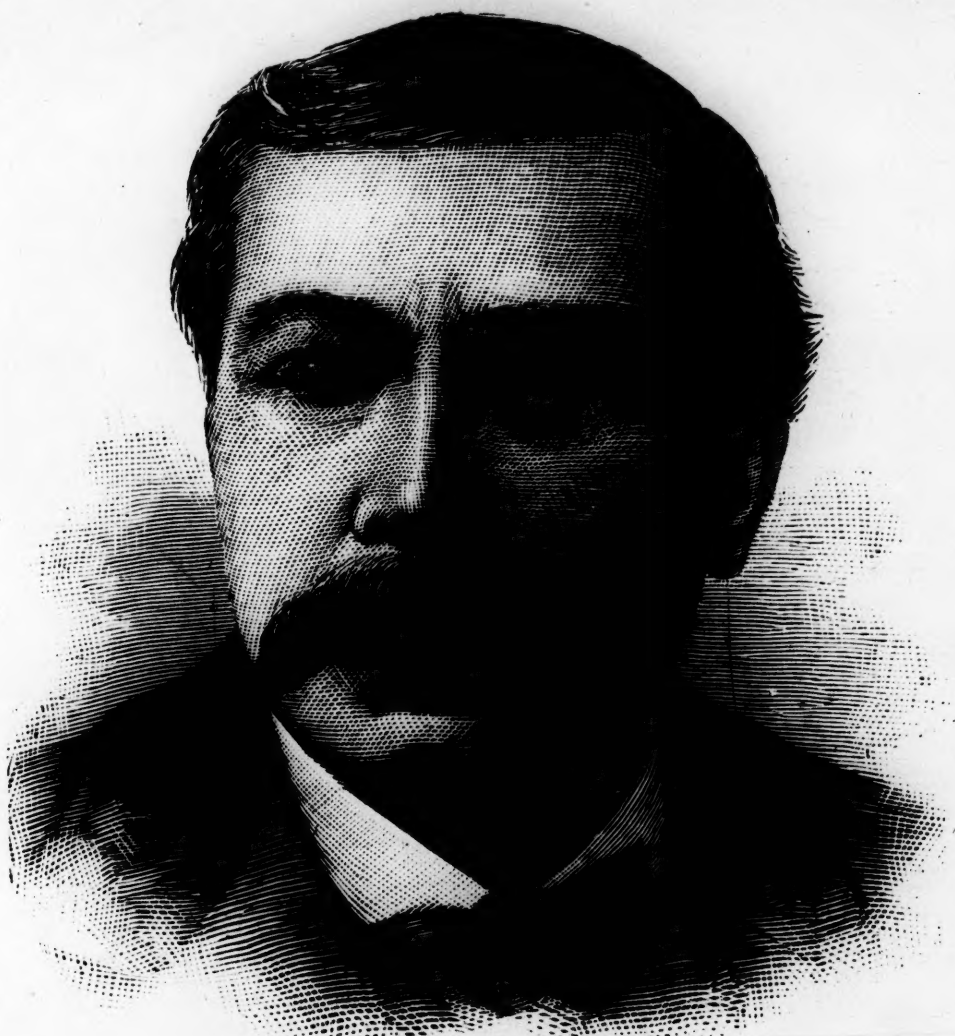
The struggle lasted several minutes before the scout got the best of the Comanche.

## CATARH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York city, will receive the recipe free of charge.

The following books are in press, and will soon be issued from this office: "The Cocker's Guide: Boxing and How to Train: The Dog Pit, How to Select and Train Fighting Dogs; The Bartender's Guide." Mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents each.

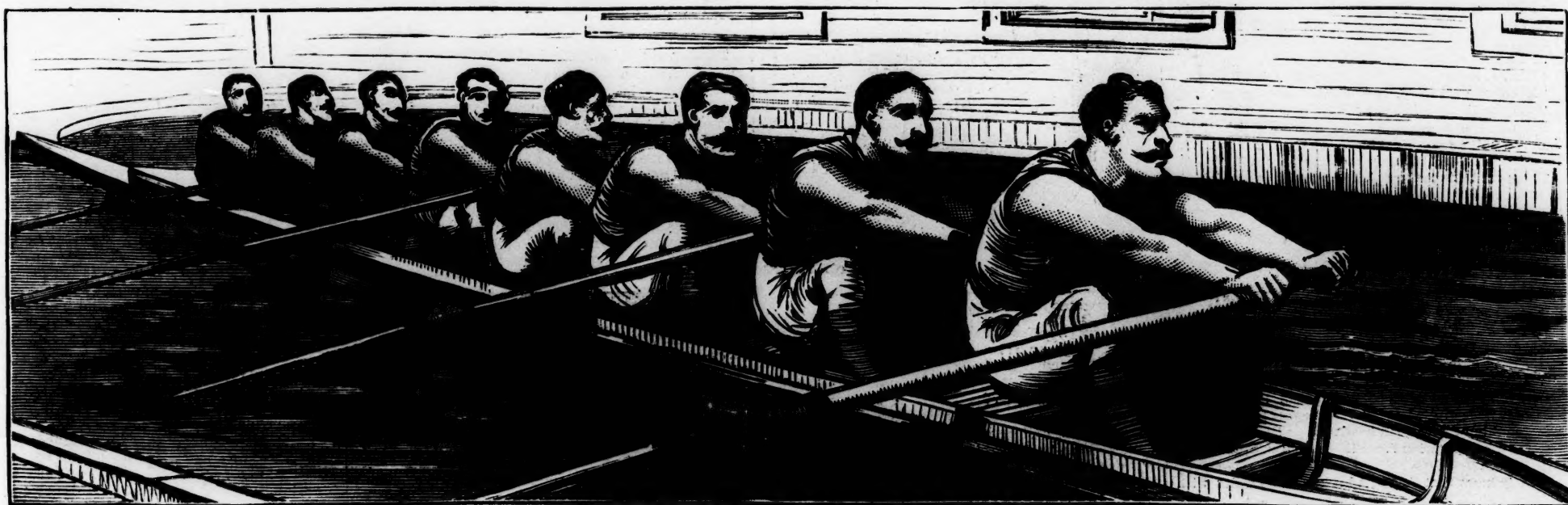




PROF. E. M. WORTH,  
PROPRIETOR OF WORTH'S PALACE MUSEUM, EAST FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.



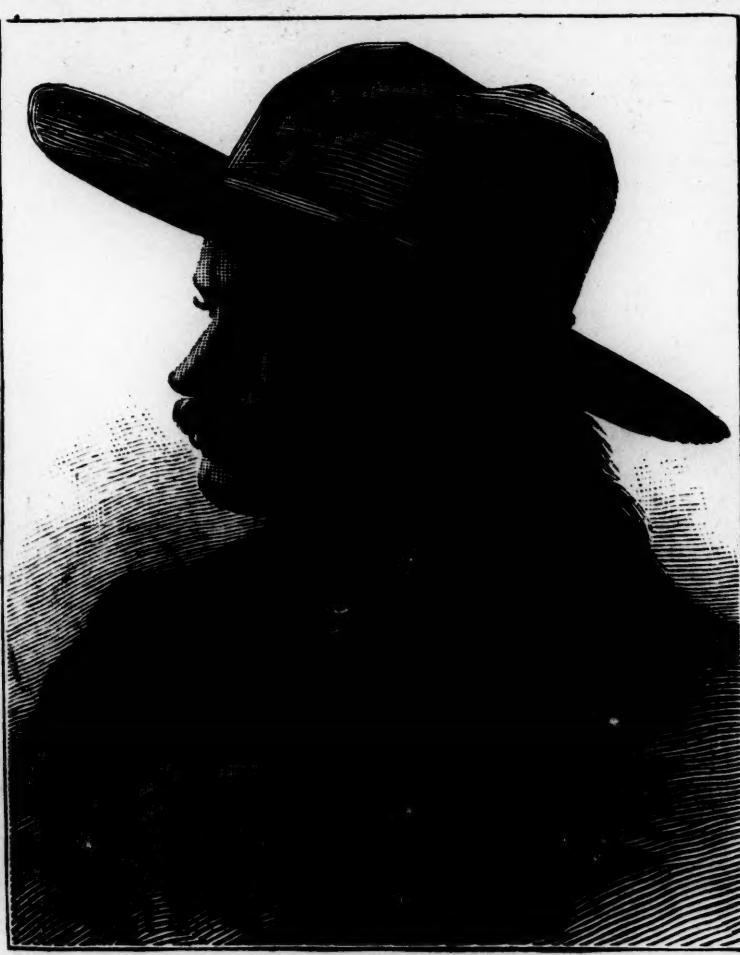
ADA REHAN,  
THE TALENTED AND ATTRACTIVE COMEDIENNE OF AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY.



THE LATEST INNOVATION IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS.  
MANNER IN WHICH HARVARD STUDENTS ARE PREPARING THEMSELVES FOR NEXT SUMMER'S INTERCOLLEGIATE CONTESTS.



FELL DEAD IN CHURCH.  
MRS. JAERLIA B. GRAVES, SUDDENLY EXPIRES DURING  
DIVINE SERVICE AT NEW HAVEN, CONN.

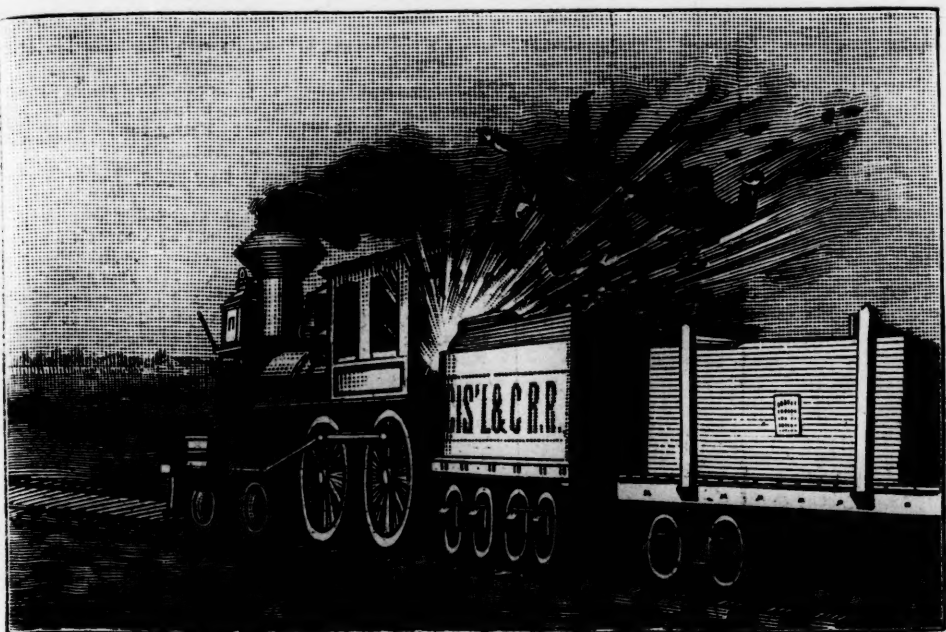


MAJOR G. W. LILLIE,  
BETTER KNOWN AS "PAWNEE BILL," SHOWMAN, COWBOY, ETC., OF WICHITA,  
KAN., LEADER OF THE OKLAHOMA BOOMERS.



FOUR SISTERS ELOPED.  
THE TERRIBLE RESULTS FROM THE ESCAPADES OF FAR-  
MER THOMAS'S DAUGHTERS AT BOLAS, MO.





THE FLUES EXPLODED.

THE ACCIDENT ON THE C. H. & G. RAILROAD, NEAR COLUMBUS, IND., BY WHICH THE FIREMAN AND BRAKEMAN WERE SEVERELY INJURED.



"THE HOUNDS ARE COMING."

A TERRIBLE HALLUCINATION SEIZES HATTIE NATHAN, AN ESCAPED VICTIM OF THE STOCKADED DENS IN THE WISCONSIN PINERIES.



MRS. MARY GARRETT,

THE CELEBRATED COLUMBUS, OHIO, MURDERESS, AND BARE BORN IN PRISON.



THOMAS BARTON,

AN ENGLISH FORGER, RECENTLY CAPTURED BY CAPT. LINDEN OF FINKERTON'S DETECTIVE AGENCY.



LUVENA MABRY,

OF ATLANTA, GA., THE ONLY FEMALE DETECTIVE IN THE SOUTH, A NOTABLE CHARACTER IN THAT SECTION.



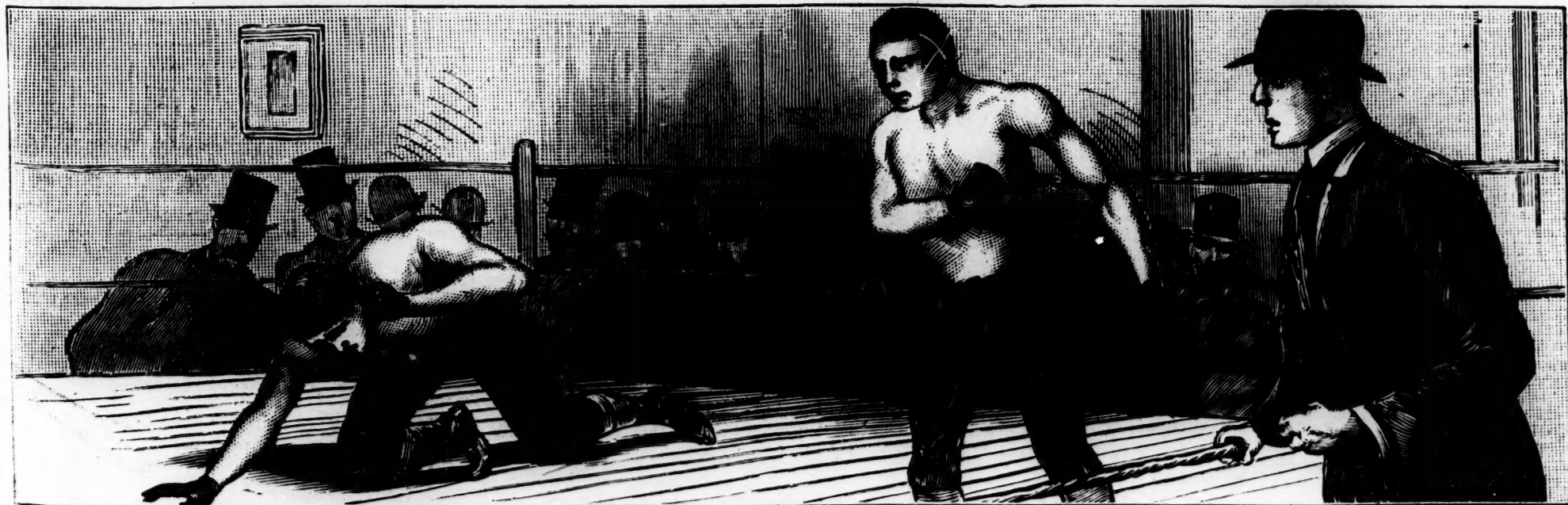
SHE SAT UPON ANOTHER'S KNEE,

AND THAT IS THE REASON WHY JOHN BRADY WAS FATALLY STABBED BY A JEALOUS RIVAL AT WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.



VERY ANGRY FAT MEN.

THEY "KICK" AT THEIR BALL IN JERSEY CITY BECAUSE THE PROPRIETOR OF THE HALL TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS.



MCCARTHY KNOCKED OUT WALTON.

RESULT OF THE PRIZE FIGHT FOR THE BANTAM-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA, AT GLOUCESTER, NEW JERSEY.



## MARTIAL LAW.

### The Alarming Operations of a Mountain Feud in Kentucky.

### FACTIONS UNDER ARMS.

### State Troops Brought in Requisition to Enforce Civil Justice.

### THE RINGLEADERS STILL AT LARGE.

A portion of the State of Kentucky is now under semi-martial law—that is, the courts are powerless to enforce order, and the military has been brought into requisition. The latest feud in Kentucky has caused Governor Buckner to order out a detail of militia to quell the troubles until the ringleaders shall have been tried. The detail was made up from the Louisville Legion, and after four days' march over the mountainous region of Eastern Kentucky reached the scene of the feud—Hazard, Perry county—last Thursday.

Perry county is situated near the West Virginia line. Its county seat, Hazard, is further from a railroad than any other town in the State. To reach it the military had to leave the Knoxville branch of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at a station named Woodbine, a point ninety-five miles distant from Hazard, and be transported the remainder of the way in rough road wagons. It required fifteen of these to take the thirty men and their officers.

The road to Hazard is inexpressibly wild and dreary. There are no turnpikes in this section, and the only attempt to improve the dirt roads is by "corduroys"—that is, covering the road with logs laid crosswise.



KILLED FROM AMBUSH.

Travel over the corduroys is about the roughest jolting that can be imagined, and it is exceedingly slow. Bad as it is, it is better, however, than the dirt roads, which are smooth in spots and muddy and rough in others to a remarkable degree. The wagons with their complement of militia toiled slowly along the rugged roads, going up one hill and down another, as the saying is, and the first day making but fourteen miles and being obliged to camp out at night. The next day an early start was made, and the road being a little better, some twenty-five miles were made.

It was the first time that the militia had ever set foot in this region. Their coming was not relished by the simple mountain people, who regard their presence as an insult to their character as law-abiding citizens. No matter how many feuds may have raged, for years so long that the number of victims is forgotten, the average mountain citizen protests against the ministration that the law is not supreme in his section and resents the interference of strangers. He wants to settle his quarrels himself.

At points along the road crowds of mountaineers were collected to view the bluecoats. At Manchester, the county seat of Clay, the little village was crowded, and the militia detail was coldly but curiously inspected by hundreds of people who had never seen a uniform before. They were very civil, however, and had nothing to say except when addressed.

A short distance from Manchester the militia were met by a big man with a slouch hat and full grey beard, dressed in "store clothes" and presenting a traveled appearance compared with the people who had just been left. He was Judge Lilly, the Circuit Judge of that district, whose request had secured the attendance of the detail of militia. The Judge appeared very glad to see the soldiers and warmly greeted them, though saying he expected no trouble. He drove away in his "buckboard" cart after a few moments that being the only vehicle aside from a farm wagon which can stand the rough mountain roads.

The last day was the worst of all. The camp was broken early in the morning, and travel was begun at six o'clock over what proved to be the roughest road of the journey. Rocks and boulders, precipitous chasms, gulches and high trees were in order. Now the wagons were in the valleys, with the rocks towering over them; now on the mountains looking almost directly down into the valleys. About ten o'clock in the morning they reached a bend in the creek, and there, where the thicket in the over-hanging mountainside was the densest, in a little knoll between the road and the creek, were two hickory stakes driven deep into the ground. They marked the scene of the death of Joe Eversole and Martin Combs who were ambushed and shot last spring. They were with a party among which was the deputy sheriff of the county, but had lagged behind, and the first their comrades knew of the tragedy was

when the shots were heard, and a few minutes later Eversole's horse dashed up to them with his saddle spattered with his rider's blood and brains. Retracing their steps the party found the two bodies at this bend in the creek. It is said that twenty-five men have been killed from ambush and in duels at this one spot.

After this place was passed the remainder of the road lay for the most part over Hazard Mountain, and was so rough that the young soldiers had to get out and walk nearly all the way. At one place the road was only six feet wide. A sheer precipice of three hundred feet yawned below on the right side and huge boulders tilted the wagons up so high on the left that the wheels had to be locked and the sides of the vehicle next the mountain held down till the dangerous place was



"EVERSOLE'S HORSE DASHED UP TO THEM WITH THE SADDLE SPATTERED WITH THE RIDER'S BLOOD AND BRAINS."

passed. In a short while the town of Hazard was reached.

The little mountain village, about whose turbulent inhabitants and neighbors so much has been written of late years, was filled with mountaineers, who crowded the highlands and watched the troops ford the North Fork of the Kentucky river, upon which the town is situated. They greeted the soldiers cordially, and a big crowd soon surrounded a galling gun, which had been transported in lieu of artillery.

Hazard is a considerable disappointment with regard to size, though beautifully and picturesquely situated. There are only about ten houses in the village, besides a log jail and a brick court house with a white cupola. The town is situated in the bowl of a crescent formed by the river, on the opposite side of which rise high rocky mountains, which stretch as far as the eye can see. Back of the town is another high mountain, and the troops are camped near the village graveyard, a neglected-looking spot, with a few tombstones of plain lime or sand stone. A plank fence surrounds the lot, but it has been broken down. Over a few of the graves little pens of fence rails have been built, others are almost unmarked, a few have boards on which are rudely carved initials, and all are overgrown with weeds and briars.

The feud which has forced Gov. Buckner to order out the militia to support the arm of the law had its origin many years ago. It assumed its most bloody phase some three years ago. It was finally settled for a time by the sale of the store of J. C. Eversole, of Hazard, to J. C. French, of Letcher. At this time French and Eversole, who have all the time been the leaders of the factions, had each from thirty to forty men under arms, and Hazard was in a state of siege. Pickets were put out upon the roads, and it was dangerous for a stranger to make his appearance in that part of the country if there was anything suspicious about his make-up and he was not able to quickly establish a non-partisan identity. The retainers of each faction were supplied with the latest and best patterns of guns and revolvers. The deadly bowie knife, strange to say, never forms a part of the mountaineer's armament. All their fighting is done at long range, and most of the killings are from ambush, though these bushwhackers are by no means destitute of courage.

When the sale of Eversole's store was made to French the former went to Kansas, where he remained until a few months ago. Some defect in the agreement of sale furnished him a loophole, and he demanded a return of his store.

French, of course, refused, and hostilities between the principals were resumed. Eversole and Martin Combs, with four companions, were on the road to

supposed, by the Eversole faction, as it is alleged that he was concerned with French in the killing of Eversole. Morgan was a brother-in-law of Eversole, though he sided with French in the faction frays.

I am informed that the beginning of the French-Eversole feud dates back some twenty years. It took a fresh start in 1878, when a political trouble over the August election—in Kentucky the elections for State officers take place the first Monday in August—caused an affray between the members of the Eversole and Vermillion families. After some bloodshed this quarrel was compromised until it was revived by Joe French, who is a member of the old Vermillion faction. Since 1883 it has caused the death of four men directly connected with the feud, and several others



who had been dragged into it by family influence and other causes.

The first man to lose his life was Shade Combs, who was assassinated from ambush on the banks of Troublesome Creek, the principal tributary of the North Fork of the Kentucky. He fell within a short distance of his own house. The second was the bushwhacking of Martin Combs and Joe Eversole on the 15th of last April. The last was the murder of Morgan, who was ambushed and slain only about half a mile from Hazard.

Judge Lilly began court on Wednesday of last week, but the trial of French was set for this week. At the



THE LATEST VICTIM.

time the militia arrived there was no prisoner in the jail, which is a stout log cabin of two rooms, one room being used by the jailer's family, the other being given up to prisoners. French came in to stand his trial last Friday night, with a guard of thirty men under command of the Sheriff of Breathitt county. His appearance caused much excitement, but he claimed that the guards were necessary for his safety. As the Eversole faction followed close at hand with thirty armed men, it seems likely that French did not take too many precautions.

At the request of Judge Lilly the militia disarmed the mountaineers and took command of the town to prevent any possible bloodshed. There was no trouble



BREAKING CAMP.

London, in the neighboring county of Laurel, a few weeks ago, when they were shot down from ambush at the place I have already described. Their four companions and a farm hand were the only witnesses of their deaths, but they saw no one do the shooting, and it will be an extremely hard matter to convince a mountain jury that Joe French and several others who have been arrested with him were guilty of the murder. They have been implicated for the killing of Eversole and for several other murders, however.

The last man to lose his life was one Morgan, who was shot down from ambush three weeks ago, it is

seems no prospect of trouble until a conviction of French or some other prominent fighter is reached.

In the meantime Hazard is under martial law, and the attention of the State has been turned entirely away from Pikeville and the Hatfield-McCoy feuds.

### VERY ANGRY FAT MEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Fat Men's Club gave a ball at Cooper's Hall, Jersey City, N. J., on Wednesday evening. Everything went smoothly until 2 o'clock, when many of the guests went out to a restaurant to get supper because the proprietor taxed 75 cents for the meal when it was understood the charge would only be 50 cents.

When the dancers returned, or rather tried to return to the hall, they found the doors closed. They could not come in, so the doorman said, and they were not even allowed to go for their wraps.

Protests did not avail. The doors were fastened and Mr. Newman would not have them opened. Those inside hastened to the rescue and demanded that the doors be opened at once. They were, but at the same time the gas was turned off.

Confusion prevailed and the members protested against such action.

Mr. Newman said he did not agree to furnish lights, and the party adjourned to the club rooms on Newark avenue and finished their dance.

The conduct on the part of Mr. Newman made the fat men of Hudson county boil over with wrath. Whenever they meet it is the one topic, and the more they discuss the situation the more indignant they are.

### LUVENA MABRY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Luvana Mabry is one of the most notable characters of Atlanta, Ga. Luvana is a flaxen-haired, cherry-lipped girl of 25, with a form like Hebe. She enjoys the distinction of being the only female detective in the South, and has a history as romantic as it has been adventurous. Her father lived in Haralson county, where he was a dealer in moonshine whiskey. One day Deputy Marshal Mark Scott appeared on the scene for the purpose of arresting the old man, but found the daughter instead. She gave him such a tongue-lashing as he had never received before. She was brought to Atlanta a prisoner, where she met United States Marshal Nelms, who saw at once that she would make a good detective. "I could strike a still-horse like a hound pup does sleep," she said. Since that time she has been employed as a detective in a variety of cases, a part she has performed with remarkable ability.

### BURT MILLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Burt Miller, of Rochester, N. Y., the well-known veteran sporting manager. He was born at Albany, N. Y., February, 1835. In 1860 he accomplished the feat of walking 100 hours without sleep or rest at Syracuse, N. Y. Miller is now manager of the Misses Elsie Von Blummen, champion lady bicyclist of America, and Jessie Oakes, champion lady bicyclist of England. He brought out Bertha Von Berz, the champion six-day female walker of the world, who won the belt in the six day race at Madison Square Garden in 1870.

### AN INSANE PREACHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The family of Rev. Charles Lockwood, pastor of the Reformed Church at Fairfield, N. J., had a terrible experience Sunday night. The clergyman became a raving maniac, and almost succeeded in burning his wife and children to death. He rushed around breaking things and storming like one possessed of a demon. Mr. Lockwood has been showing signs of mental disorder for some time. He is a man of talent, and his condition has grieved his friends, who were at a loss to account for it. Recently everybody was forced to admit that the pastor was actually insane.

### THE FLUES EXPLODED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A peculiar accident occurred on the C. H. & G. Railroad near Columbus, Ind., a few days ago, by which Fireman Lou Foster and Brakeman Archie Black were severely injured. Three flues in the boiler exploded with terrible force. Fireman Foster was in the act of replenishing the fire at the moment the accident occurred, and the force of the escaping steam was so great as to throw him and Archie Black, the head brakeman, who was in the cab with him, out.

### THOMAS BARTON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Capt. Linden, of Pinkerton's Detective Agency, a few days ago ran down in Philadelphia, Pa., a celebrated English forger named Thomas Barton. Barton is charged with committing forgeries aggregating \$100,000. Detectives have been on the lookout for him for the past eighteen months. We are indebted for his picture to the courtesy of Mr. "Bob" Pinkerton, of this city.

### JESSIE OAKES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish the portrait of Miss Jessie Oakes, the English female bicycle champion, who is to be one of the contestants in the six-day bicycle race which is to be held in Madison Square Garden under the management of Billy O'Brien in February. Miss Oakes is quite an expert on the wheel, and has figured in numerous races, both in this country and in England.

### MAJOR G. W. LILLIE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Major G. W. Lillie, better known as "Pawnee Bill," showman, cowboy, rancher, and last and most important, the great Oklahoma boomer, now has his headquarters at Wichita, Kan. On Feb. 1 Pawnee Bill, at the head of at least 3,000 settlers, will invade the Oklahoma territory.

### FRANK P. SLAVIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Frank P. Slavin, the famous heavy-weight pugilist of Australia, whose portrait appears on another page, offers to fight any man in the world. Slavin has gained considerable reputation in the fistie arena, and he is classed in Australia as a first-class heavy-weight.

Elegant colored portraits of Jake Kilrain, Jim Smith, Jimmy McLaughlin and John Tremer mailed to any address from this office. Price 2 cents each.



# AMATEURS.

Annual Games of One of the Most  
Prominent Athletic Organiza-  
tions in the World.

## A GREAT EVENT.

The Amateur Athletic Union is one of the most prominent and influential athletic organizations in the world. The majority of the athletic clubs in all parts of the United States belong to the organization.

James E. Sullivan, the president of the Pastime Athletic Club,



James E. Sullivan.

is one of the directors of the Amateur Athletic Union, and it was owing to his energy that the organization has become so prominent.

On Jan. 19 the annual games of this organization were held in Madison Square Garden, and the events were worth a long day's journey to see the crowd and enthusiasm.

At half-past eight the great building was so packed that Inspector Byrnes gave orders that no more admission tickets should be sold.

It was impossible to circulate among the seats and boxes, so dense was the crowd, but in the dim distance I could see that Herman Oelrichs presided over a number of boxes filled with pretty women; Mr. George Ade, the Yale athletic adviser, with Mrs. Ade, and Judge and Mrs. Charles D. Ingersoll. Adjoining was a box of University Club men—Messrs. Dick Sheldon, Frank Dunning, Champion Denning and Harry and Fred Ade. Further along was the old-time champion sprinter, Mr. R. C. La Montagne, with his pretty wife and Mr. and Mrs. John Cowden.

In the managers' and adjacent boxes were Harry McMillan, of Philadelphia, president of the A. A. U.; T. W. Eddy, Otto Ruhl, Howard Perry, T. W. Janssen, J. E. Sullivan, W. O. Eschwege, W. E. Halpin and a lot of pretty women, who had almost as much to say about the proceedings as their lords and masters. The officials of the monster athletic meeting were: Referee, William B. Curtis, New York Athletic Club; Judges—John W. Edwards, St. Louis, A. C.; Walter G. Schuyler, New York A. C.; H. T. Steniff, Columbia A. C. (Washington); John S. White, Berkeley A. C.; John F. Hunker, A. C. Schuykill Navy; James D. Devereux, Princeton College A. C.; Timon—W. H. Robertson, Pastime A. C.; J. H. Abel, Jr., Nassau B. C.; A. M. Sweet, New Jersey A. C.; A. T. Hall, Fike, Fullman A. C.; I. K. Taylor, Orange A. C.; W. B. Hibbe, Columbia A. C. (Washington). Starter—George Turner, Philadelphia.

The first event on the programme of track events was the 75-yard dash, for which there were 115 entries, most of whom completed. There were 17 first and 4 second trial heats to determine who should participate in the evening contest.

First heat—William P. Henry, Olympic Athletic Club (1½ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Second heat—A. F. Camacho, Staten Island Athletic Club (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Third heat—C. L. Jacquelin, S. I. A. C. (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Fourth heat—Thomas J. Lee, New York Athletic Club (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Fifth heat—William H. Struse, S. I. A. C. (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Sixth heat—E. J. Laidlaw, N. Y. A. C. (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Seventh heat—H. M. Schless, Pastime Athletic Club (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Eighth heat—William B. Adamson, Young Men's Christian Association, Philadelphia (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Ninth heat—H. Luerson, P. A. C. (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Tenth heat—A. J. Van Saun, Manhattan Athletic Club (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Eleventh heat—O. Gear, Athletic Club, Schuykill Navy (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Twelfth heat—M. Keating, New Jersey Athletic Club (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Thirteenth heat—J. P. Lee, Harvard Athletic Club (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Fourteenth heat—Joseph McGuckin, Gaelic Athletic Association (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Fifteenth heat—N. Linicus, Jr., Olympic Athletic Club (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Sixteenth heat—A. D. Helt, Orange Athletic Club (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds. Seventeenth heat—W. A. Wade, S. I. A. C. (¾ yards); time, 2.5 seconds.

The heat winners in the second trial series were: Lee, of the New Yorks; Struse, of the Staten Islands; Luerson of the Pastimes, and Linicus of the Orange Club. The time for each heat was 2.5 seconds. The final heat was won by Luerson, by a yard, from Struse, with Linicus, third. Time 7.45 seconds.

The first heat in the 220-yard hurdle race was won by Ed. Weinacht, Spartan Harriers and N. Y. A. C., who started from the 13-yard mark, in 20 seconds. A. Brown, P. A. C. 2 yards, was second; Bernard Strauss, A. A. C. 13 yards, third, and W. H. Struse, S. I. A. C. fourth. The second heat was won by A. E. Roe, Bristol



WEINACHT WINS THE "HURDLE RACE."

Harriers, England, 11 yards; time 30.25 seconds. F. S. Greene, S. I. A. C. 10 yards, was second; C. T. Wiegand, N. Y. A. C. scratch, third, and Eugene Leintion, N. Y. A. C. 4 yards, fourth man. The final heat resulted in a tie between Weinacht and Struse. In the "run off" Weinacht won. No time taken.

Send 2c. stamp for our catalogue of sporting books. We supply reliable works for the guidance of all who wish to post themselves on all kinds of sports.

The first tug of war between teams from the Athletic Association of the Schuykill Navy and the Pastime Athletic Club (No. 1) was won by the Philadelphia by 8 inches. The second tug went to the team from the Young Men's Christian Association, of Philadelphia. It pulled the English American Athletic Club team 8 inches. The third pull, between the Bradford Boat Club



### THE CONNECTICUT BOYS DEFEAT THE VARUNAS.

team, of Brookline, Mass., and the Yale Athletic Association team, resulted in a victory for the former by 1¼ inches. After the contest the Yales lodged a complaint against the Bradford team, on the ground that it was a professional organization.

The team from Company B, Second Regiment, National Guard State of Connecticut, won the contest with the New York scrub team by ¾ inches, and the Scottish-American Athletic Club team pulled the representatives of the Central Turn Verein nearly out of sight. The Scotchmen won by several feet. The result in the competition between the Varuna Boat Club and Pastime (No. 2) teams was about the same, the former winning by 2 feet 1 inch.

In the second trials the Bradford and Connecticut teams tugged a dead heat, and the Philadelphia Christian Association men won from the Schuykill Navy fellows by ¾ inches. The Varuna Boat Club team won from the Scotchmen, with 3 feet 8 inches to its credit. The final tug was won by the Connecticut team of soldier lads. The Varunas were its opponents and were beaten half an inch.

M. O'Sullivan, P. A. C. won the 56 pound weight contest with a throw of 27 feet 11¼ inches, with handicap allowance of three pounds added. Samuel Toch, S. I. A. C. (10 feet handicap), was second on a throw of 27 feet 10 inches, and George B. Gray (3 feet), was third, 27 feet 8 inches.

The running high jump was won by T. G. Shearman, of the



SHEARMAN, OF YALE, WINS THE RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

with handicap added; F. Rink, S. I. A. C. (8 inches), was second, and R. A. Lindet, Y. M. C. A. (8 inches), third. Their performances were 5 feet 2 inches and 5 feet 1 inch, respectively.

In putting the 24-pound shot George R. Gray, of the New York Athletic Club, who put from the scratch, beat the world's record in the trials; his throw was 25 feet 2 inches, and the second was 25 feet 1½ inches. He was followed by the Madison Square Garden team, which he had to give to nearly all his competitors. In the trials, did not win a place in the final. It was explained by Handicapper Hegeman that, as it was the first 24-pound weight handicap in this country, he had nothing to guide him in making al-



GEORGE R. GRAY BREAKS THE 24 LB. RECORD.

lowances. The final in the contest was won by E. J. Giannini, N. Y. A. C. (10 feet 6 inches), by 38 feet 3¼ inches; W. O. Morgan, S. I. A. C. (12 feet), second, with 36 feet 9¼ inches, and Arthur Schroeder, N. Y. A. C. (10 feet) third, with 36 feet 1½ inches.

The standing broad jump, handicap, was won by E. J. Giannini, N. Y. A. C. (nine inches), by a jump of 10 feet 5¼ inches; Arthur A. Zimmermann, P. C. (twelve inches), 10 feet 3¼ inches, second, and W. A. Seebold, P. A. C. (nine inches) third.

The Staten Island Athletic Club won two games of lacrosse from Rutgers College, and the University of Pennsylvania team also neatly disposed of the Rutgers team in two well-contested games of football. The scores were 6 to 0 and 4 to 0. In each game the captain of the University team scored a touchdown. Thayer, University of Pennsylvania, made a goal in the first game.

Nearly 50 competitors ran in the 880 yards run, which was decided in heats, the first ten men in each competing in the final heat. The first heat was won by J. W. Rink, S. I. A. C. A. A. from the 23 yard mark, in 2 minutes 4.5 seconds. The others who got places in the final heat were F. S. Greene, S. I. A. C.; C. C. Greene, of the same club; George E. Rowland, P. A. C.; W. C. Dohm, N. Y. A. C. and Princeton College; F. J. Conway, A. A. C.; F. R. Farrington, O. A. C.; Stewart Barr, S. I. A. C.; J. J. Allen, Prospect Harriers; George Ruser, Sylvan Athletic Club, and J. P. Thornton, N. Y. A. C.

The second heat went to W. H. Morris, Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia, who started from the 36 yards mark. He ran the distance in 2 minutes 3.5 seconds. The others who found place in the final heat were William O'Brien and J. F. Robinson, P. A. C.; J. E. D. Trask, S. I. A. C.; F. J. Leonard and W. F. Thompson, of the same club; A. Baier, P. A. C.; William M. Moore, N. Y. A. C.; Robert Stoll, S. I. A. C. and L. Levian, A. A. C. W. C. Dohm of Princeton won in 2 minutes 3.5 seconds.

The 440 yard race was won by T. J. Stead in 54 seconds; W. E. Hughes second, Betting third.

The first trial heat in the two-mile bicycle event was won by Fred Coningsby, B. A. C. who was handicapped at 180 yards, in 8 minutes 5.5 seconds; John W. Schofer, B. E. C. (40 yards), was second, and O. C. Bregler, New York (110 yards), was third. The second heat was captured by J. Frank Borland, B. E. C. (130 yards), in 7 minutes 5.5 seconds; F. S. Brown, C. A. C. (scratch), second, W. G. Glass, B. E. C. (140 yards), third, and the third trial went to W. F. Murphy, Kings County Wheelmen (120 yards), in 7 minutes 5.5 seconds. E. A. Powers, Elverslev Wheelmen (140 yards), was second man, and S. W. Merrinew, W. A. C. Wilmington, Del.

was third. The final heat was won by Glass in 7 minutes 31 seconds. Borland was second and Pastime third.

William B. Burkhardt, of the Pastimes, won the first heat in the one mile walking event in 7 minutes 16 seconds, and J. C. Forbes, of the same club, won the second heat in 8 minutes 10 seconds. Burkhardt started from the scratch and Forbes was



### WALTON DEFEATED.

Cal McCarthy Knocks Out Harry Walton in Five Rounds—His Opponent's Pluck.

The long-pending battle between Cal McCarthy, of New Jersey, and Harry Walton, of Philadelphia, both featherweights, was decided at a well-known resort in New Jersey on Jan. 25. The men fought according to revised Queensberry rules for \$1,000. Only one hundred persons were present. McCarthy is 21 years old, and last evening he fought his twenty-second battle. He is 5 feet 5½ inches tall, and he tipped the scales at 114 pounds. He has never been defeated. In 1888 and 1887 he won all medals in the 116 and 117 pounds competitions. Walton, when he entered the ring, weighed 110½ pounds. His height is 5 feet 4, and he is 26 years old. Tom Ryan was his timekeeper. McCarthy's seconds were Tom Collins and Jack O'Meara. Walton's seconds were Faddy McBride and Jimmy McHale. There was heavy betting on the battle, and the sporting men of New York offered \$100 to \$200 on McCarthy. Takers were slow, but at \$100 to \$25 several Philadelphia men risked their money. After that the odds dropped until \$100 to \$75 on McCarthy found no response, the Philadelphia gentlemen being unwilling to risk more than \$25. The following is an account of the battle in detail:

ROUND 1—The first round was a remarkably good exhibition of sparring. After a few seconds of prancing Walton began to lead. McCarthy avoided nearly all of the blows in his well-known skilful style. After the first half both men went in Walton scored two points on by drawing a drop of blood from McCarthy's nose, and scored by knocking his antagonist squarely down. In a public hall this work would have called out tremendous applause, but nothing more than excited whispers were heard. First blood was allowed to Walton, and the round, though very close, ended somewhat in Walton's favor.

ROUND 2—McCarthy began to put in heavier work. Early in the round he knocked Walton to the floor, and immediately afterward landed a characteristic two handed blow on his adversary, one fist striking the throat and the other the left cheek. There was some clinching, but no delay in breaking apart. In all cases the clinching was due to Walton's inability to hit McCarthy. He led the sparring almost continuously, but McCarthy with wonderful agility dodged nearly every blow. On the other hand, Walton parried well. On one occasion he saved himself a frightful blow by catching McCarthy's fist on his forearm. The blow raised an ugly red mark that endured throughout the fight.

ROUND 3—Up to this time the contest was apparently even, though the red on Walton's throat showed the effect of several of McCarthy's peculiar two-handed blows. Three of these were squarely landed on Walton's left cheek and neck, and though both men fought hard, and there was nothing apparently decisive, it was evident that, barring accidents, McCarthy would be a winner.

ROUND 4—The beginning of this round Walton kept up his policy of leading, though his tactics could not be called forcing. Both men delivered heavy blows, Walton catching McCarthy once on the cheek, causing a slight abrasion, and McCarthy countering as usual on his left cheek. Presently a tremendous double-handed blow laid open Walton's already bruised face, and the blood flowed copiously from his left eye and ear, and from a wound on the cheek. Walton's right cheek was almost untouched. This was partly due to McCarthy's strategy and partly to Walton's persistence in dodging in one direction only. When the round ended Walton was not a pleasant spectacle, but he was not groggy, though there is nothing that another minute might have done for him.

ROUND 5—Walton was plainly beaten when he began this round, though he expected the end would come as suddenly as it did. He stood up with splendid nerve under double handers for about two minutes, spitting blood meanwhile. Then McCarthy landed on his left cheek again just above the jaw. Walton staggered to the ropes, caught at them, and saved an absolute fall; reeled to the ropes at his right-hand side, fell forward again, half rose, threw out his hands wildly, fell back against the ropes on the next side, gained his feet, and then plunged head long through the ropes on the fourth side of the ring, and wound up by falling to the floor. Ten seconds had expired from the time of the blow, and his seconds picked him up, a knocked out, helpless man.

It was several minutes before he could walk. Meantime McCarthy, as fresh and active as a schoolboy, was passing a hat for the benefit of his foe. Another man was performing the same act, and a fair week's salary was accumulated before the crowd left the hall and hurried for a train. Walton sobbed like a child at the outcome. His friends say, however, that his career as a fighter is not settled for good, but for the time being Walton did not seem to think that life was worth living.

McCarthy, the champion, is a graduate of the Scottish-American Athletic Club of Jersey City. He is not the only fighter of renown credited to this club. Among its star graduates are Ginger McCormick and Jimmy Larkins, both undefeated as professionals, and Pat Cahill, amateur middleweight champion. Among his professional fights his best were the contests with Joe Flaherty, of Boston; Silvio Burns, of England; Eugene Horubacker, and George Young.

Harry Walton never fought to a finish before his battle with McCarthy. In four-round glove contests he has fought with Jimmy Hogan, Billy Peterson, Tommy Warren, Jack Farrell, of Harlem; Martin Dempsey, and Willie Haas, all clever boxers. All these were clear victories for Walton except those with Warren and Farrell which were declared draws.

Owing to the numerous orders that we are daily receiving for all kinds of sporting goods and books, we have opened a Supply and Purchasing Agency. Your patronage is solicited. Orders accompanied by the cash will be promptly attended to. Price list of all kinds of sporting, theatrical and gymnasium goods furnished upon receipt of two cent stamp.

### THE GENERAL HIT THE PIPE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

This town, the county seat of Berkshire county, says a special despatch to the New York Sun, under date of Jan. 20, from Pittsfield, Mass., was stirred to the depths this morning by the revelation of the fact that within its borders and under the shadow almost of one of its finest churches is a full-fledged opium joint. It is none of your low Chinese "hop" joints, but one fitted up with Oriental splendor, and conducted by a long-time devotee of the drug, it being no less a person than Gen. William Marvin Lutz, a famous and notorious character, formerly prominent in the Salvation Army. Some four weeks ago the General made known to an intimate friend that he was conducting an opium joint, and invited him to visit it. The invitation was accepted, and this led to the raid of the police.

### DUDES AND BURLESQUERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Twenty-five delicate-looking young men stood by the door of the Brooklyn Park Theatre last night. They all smoked cigarettes and chatted knowingly about the stage and chorus girls. They were, in fact, twenty-five pure-blooded dudes from New York, and, as per agreement, they were to dine with twenty-five of those fascinating beauties of the London Gaiety Company. The girls had all promised to revel in the champagne dinner, but the manager requested them not to do so.

Half the girls, or as near half twenty-five girls as you can get, promised not to, but the others wanted to dine. The good girls—they are all good, of course, but those who were better than the others—induced all but five to keep away from the dudes and the wine. The dinner was a big success. After the sumptuous lay-out was disposed of there was a dance, and the racket wound up by some of the girls giving an exhibition of their stage performances.

### SHE SAT UPON ANOTHER'S KNEE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Brady, aged 28 years, of No. 123 North Sixth street, Williamsburg, was stabbed and probably fatally wounded early yesterday morning by George Bertram, a gas-fitter, 25 years of age. The outbreak was the result of a quarrel over a young woman named Minnie Clarke, 19 years of age, who lives at No. 37 Stanton street, this city. The scene of the stabbing was in the apartments of Bertram, who occupies the third floor of the tenement house No. 221 Union avenue, where Bertram with his victim and three women were drinking beer. Bertram, it is said, stabbed Brady because his girl sat upon the latter's knee.

### FOUR SISTERS ELOPED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An extraordinary tragedy is reported from the little town of Bolas, in Mercer county, Mo. Margaret and Jane Thomas, aged respectively eighteen and twenty-two years, daughters of an old farmer named Henry Thomas, eloped Wednesday night with two brothers named Samuel and Charles Hasbun. The girls were helped out of a second-story window by the young men with the aid of a ladder. Subsequently the farmer's two other daughters also eloped. He followed, overtaking the elopers and killing the two brothers. When Thomas was within two miles of home, on his return, he was met by a mob, who promptly strung him up to a tree.

### "THE HOUNDS ARE COMING."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A sad and appalling story connects itself with the appearance yesterday in the Cook County Court of In-sane Inquiry, at Chicago, Ill., of a poor unfortunate girl, Hattie Nathan. The court was asked to judge as to her sanity. She is still under the hallucination that she is pursued by pincery ruffians who want to drag her back to the awful den at Marinette, and even the sight of a trunk, which suggests travel, will send her into a paroxysm of terror, in which she will cry out: "The hounds are coming! I see them, and there are the devilish men behind them!"

### FELL DEAD IN CHURCH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Jaerlia B. Graves, of Middletown, Conn., while attending services on Sunday at the Second Universalist Church, in New Haven, Conn., uttered a shriek and fell dead in the arms of her nephew, George E. Gay. There was much excitement among the congregation, and a panic was narrowly averted. The pastor at once closed the services.

### JUMPED INTO A WELL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. A. Miller, a prominent lady residing near London, O., attempted suicide a few days ago, it is alleged, by jumping into a thirty-foot well. Dependancy, arising from family trouble, is said to have actuated her desperate act.

### IN GOOD SHAPE.

While talking to Mr. T. C. S. Hatch a few days ago we asked him a few pointers in regard to his luck in the Louisiana State Lottery, and of the workings of the company. Mr. Hatch stated that he had been in the habit of investing for some months past a few dollars in the lottery. That he sent his money in and always received his tickets promptly. He purchased ten forlorn tickets about 10th December, 1888, among the ten was No. 69,704, the same being the number that drew the capital prize, \$300,000.

"What did you do when informed that you had drawn \$15,000, Mr. Hatch?"

"I went at once to Waco and deposited my ticket with the American National Bank, and took their receipt for the same."

"Did you have any trouble in collecting your money?"

"None in the least. Four days after I deposited my ticket I was paid by the American National Bank the \$15,000."

"Do you think of investing your money here, Mr. Hatch?"

"I do. I shall invest principally in real estate."

Mr. Hatch has a wife and six children. He was comparatively a poor man, working as overseer of the W. P. Gaines big valley farm, three miles south from McGregor, on a salary. This good fortune has by no means made a fool of Mr. Hatch. He is a man of judgment and there is no doubt but that he will properly invest his money. Mr. Hatch will continue as overseer for Colonel Gaines.—McGregor (Tex.) Observer, Jan. 5.





DUDES AND BURLESQUERS.

THE JOLLY MIDNIGHT RACKET TENDERED LONDON "GAIETY" CHORUS GIRLS BY "TONY" NEW YORK MASHERS.



AN INSANE PREACHER.

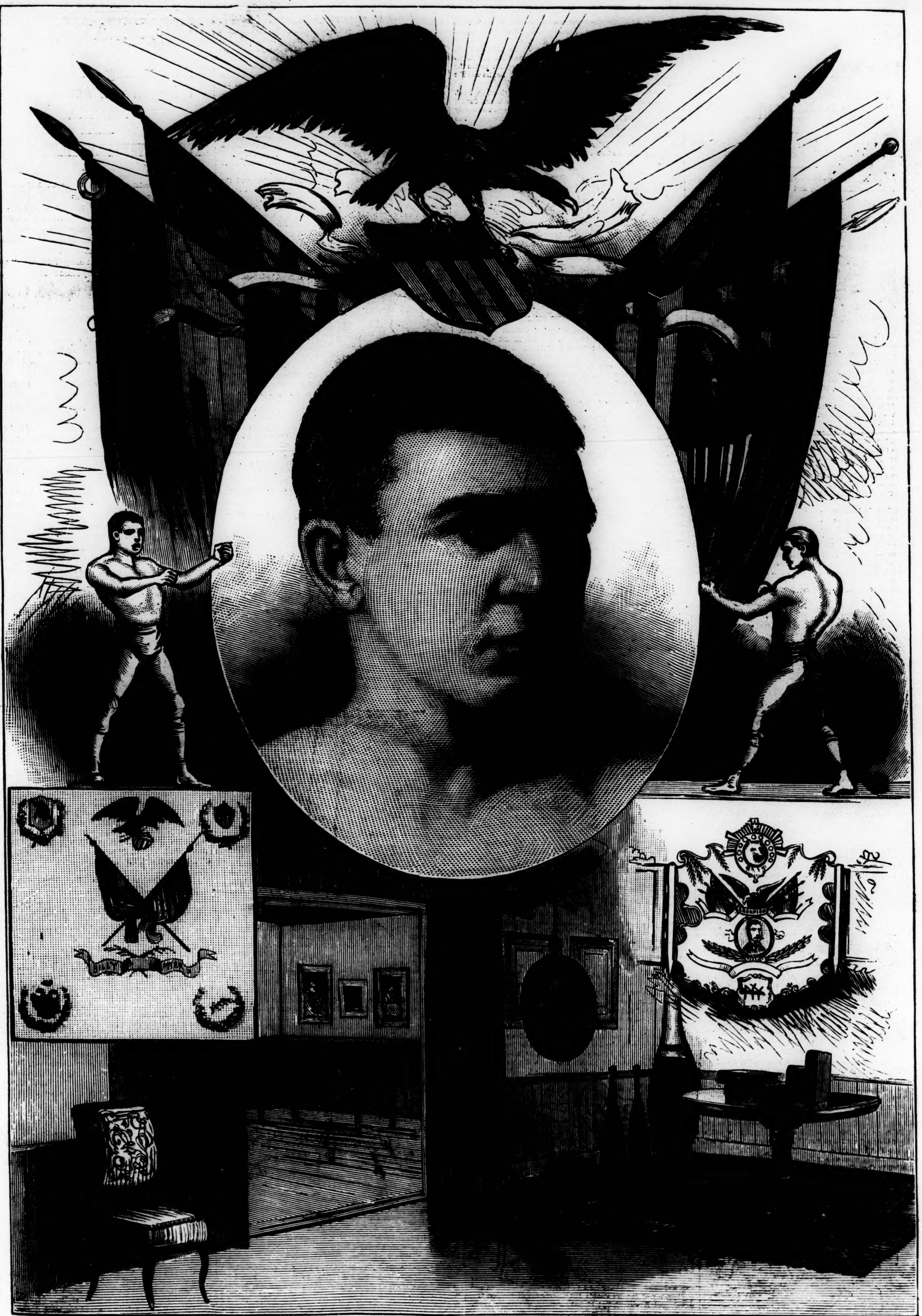
PASTOR LOCKWOOD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH AT FAIRFIELD, N. J., TERRIFIES HIS HOUSEHOLD BY SUDDENLY BECOMING A RAVING MANIAC.



JUMPED INTO A WELL.

DESPONDENCY OVER FAMILY TROUBLES CAUSES MRS. A. MILLER, A PROMINENT LADY OF LONDON, O., TO ATTEMPT SUICIDE.





BILLY MYERS,  
OF STREATOR, ILL., THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE NORTHWEST, MATCHED AGAINST JACK McAULIFFE FOR  
\$5,000 AND THE POLICE GAZETTE DIAMOND BELT.



## CARDIFF WON.

That Was the Referee's Decision  
In His Fight With Fell  
at Minneapolis.

## WEST POINT CADETS MEET IN THE RING.

The long-pending fist encounter between Patsy Cardiff, the Peoria Giant, of Minneapolis, and Jim Fell, of Grand Rapids, Mich., which has been the topic of discussion for some time past, was decided at the Washington rink, Minneapolis, on Jan. 22.



PATSY CARDIFF.

Cardiff is well known, having fought nearly all the crackjacks of the P. R., including Sullivan, Mitchell and Kilen; while Fell has probably engaged in more prize ring and glove contests than any man in America. Both men had trained specially for the affair, for they were battling for \$500, \$250 a side, and the gate money.

Cardiff is 25 years of age, weighed 180 pounds and stands 5 feet 10½ inches in his stockings. Fell is 24 years old, 5 feet 9 inches high and weighed 160 pounds. The latter was seconded by Tom O'Donnell, heavy-weight champion of Michigan, and William Daniels, of Rhineland, Wis. O'Donnell bet \$500 on Fell. Cardiff was seconded by John Donaldson, his partner and backer, and Pat McCarlin, his trainer.

Between two and three thousand persons paid to witness the affair, and there was heavy speculation on the result.

A long wrangle ensued in selecting a referee; finally Hen Cushing was agreed upon.

Cardiff made his appearance at 11 minutes to 10, and was immediately followed by Fell. The time-keepers were Pat Kilen for Fell, and John Burke for Cardiff.

ROUND 1—Fell pounced, but did not lead; Cardiff rushed, but was short. Again Cardiff lead with his left, and Fell nearly countered. Cardiff got a light one in on Fell's face, and the round ended with honors even.

2—Fell planted a left-hander on Cardiff's face and the men clinched. In-fighting followed, at which Fell excelled. Cardiff led on Fell's face, and another clinch followed. Fell led with his left twice, but did no damage. Fell got one in on Cardiff's forehead. The latter claimed first blood.

3—Fell led short with his left, and Cardiff got in a light body blow with his right. Fell planted his left on Cardiff's eye. This round was Fell's.

4—Both men sparred for an opening. Fell got in a terrific right-hander on the side of Cardiff's head, and followed it up with a left-hand body blow. Cardiff led and fell short. A clinch and in-fighting followed, in which Fell had the best of it.

5—Fell led with his left as usual and Cardiff sent in a light right-hander on his cheek. Fell used his right to good advantage. Once more Cardiff led and fell short. But one hard blow had landed thus far in the fight. Cardiff was in slightly the best condition.

6—Fell got in two good body blows and landed his left on Cardiff's face twice. Frequent clinching followed. Fell had much the best of this round.

7—Fell led and was neatly parried. He got in a good left hander on Cardiff's forehead and did it again, but Cardiff got in some heavy blows and the round was clearly his.

8—The men sparred for wind. Fell led short, but got in a good left-hander on Cardiff's forehead. Patsy countered on the side of Fell's head. The latter led short again, but landed a light body blow. Cardiff had the best of the round, with two counters on Fell's neck.

9—Cardiff's stock went up a point or two. Fell led with his favorite left in Cardiff's face, and the latter landed his left on Fell's neck. Fell struck short again, and Cardiff forced him to the ropes when time was called.

10—Fell was getting a bit tired. Cardiff received a hard one on the mouth. A sprinting match followed, and Fell led short with his right. Cardiff seemed the freshest.

11—Cardiff landed a right-hander on the side of Fell's head. After some springing Cardiff landed hard on Fell's mouth, and another sprint ended the round.

12—Fell seemed very tired, but stood up. Cardiff landed on the side of Fell's head and the latter got home on Cardiff's cheek. Cardiff reached Fell's neck and face, and a sprint ended the round. Cardiff's right eye was partly closed, but he was not allowed to go in to win in short order.

13—\$100 to \$50 on Cardiff was offered. Fell led short, as usual, then rushed his man, but could get in no effective blow. Cardiff planted his right on Fell's face. The latter's eye was nearly closed. Cardiff led successfully with his left on Fell's neck. The round was Cardiff's.

14—Fell sparred for wind and Cardiff for an opening. After a clinch Fell landed lightly on Cardiff's head, the latter getting in two hard ones on Fell's neck. The round ended in Cardiff's favor.

15 AND LAST—Cardiff planted a hard right-hand body blow. Fell, who was weak, landed lightly, but Cardiff did not follow him up. Cardiff landed twice on Fell's face. A wild rush followed, and time was called. The referee decided the fight in favor of Cardiff, who was fairly entitled to the flat, according to the conditions, although Fell could have continued.

After the referee's decision Fell struck the referee and knocked him from the stage. A follower of Cardiff retaliated on King, one of Fell's backers, and a free fight ensued until the police rushed in.

Fell was dissatisfied, but Cardiff plainly had the best of it. Fell's blows were more effective, but were much fewer in number than Cardiff's.

A slashing glove contest was decided at the Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., on Jan. 20. The affair, which was of a very sanguinary nature started on January 13th in the big mess room, known as Grant Hall. Cadet Captain George T. Langhorne, of Virginia, one of the leaders of the graduating class and a noted beau among the girls during last summer's hops, found on that day that after all the drawings had been made for the mess tables there were four cadets left over whom none of the table commandants seemed to desire as company.

Among the young fellows not drawn was Cadet Charles B. Young, colored, of Ohio, who was also left in the same predicament at the drawing last September. Cadet Langhorne, as superintendent of the mess, in adjusting the matter transferred four cadets of various classes to his own—the staff—table and assigned the "left over" cadets to other tables. The colored Ohioan was sent to the table presided over by Cadet Lieutenant Morris K. Barroll, of Maryland, and he quietly took his seat at the one o'clock dinner that memorable Sunday. The presence of the colored boy has caused more or less trouble for the past five years, but heretofore all difficulty has been peacefully adjusted.

The fiery Southern nature of Barroll was instantly aroused when he caught sight of the negro cadet at his table, and he jumped to his feet and rushed across to the staff table and protested in the strongest terms to Langhorne because of the colored assignment. He used such plain language and spoke so loud that the negro boy overheard the conversation, and, obtaining leave, quit the table at once before dinner was served. This action, of course, served to aggravate the disagreeable situation and both young men became very angry. Barroll complained that one of his chums had been removed from his table to make room for the colored boy, which was the fact. Langhorne replied that Cadet Young was a classmate of Barroll's, and in any case he had the authority to assign the cadets to any table he chose. In the heat of the dispute some very angry words were spoken which are never heard in Sunday school.

The quarrel might have ended there with cooler heads, but Southern blood is hot. During the next day at parade Barroll was astonished to hear his name read aloud from the big book, and a demerit was entered against him for ungentlemanly conduct toward a fellow cadet. In the language of the barracks, he was "skinned," and he felt his disgrace keenly. Cadet Captain Langhorne had reported him and every one of the 300 soldier boys knew it. It was really only a very small matter and a common incident in the daily routine of most of the boys in uniform, but to Barroll, who stood on the record as perfect for a year previous, this "skin" report was a serious matter, and he ground his lip between his teeth. This was a double insult, for which he must have satisfaction without delay.

At Haverhill, Ind., on Jan. 21, young Murphy and Bill Weston (unknown) fought for \$150. In the fourth round Murphy knocked the unknown off his feet with a terrific blow under the jaw, which cut the flesh and started the blood flowing in great streams. As soon as the unknown got on his feet he seized a bottle and cracked Murphy's second (another negro from Wisconsin) on the head and stretched him out upon the ground. The man's face was cut in a frightful manner, the blood freezing as fast as it ran from the gashes. He lay insensible for half an hour. After having made the onslaught the unknown seized a ring stake and defended himself from the negroes, who were swarming into the ring with razors and threatening his life. His second then drew a revolver and both men made their escape. The fight was for \$75 a side. The money is believed to be in the pockets of the stakeholder.



CONGRATULATING CARDIFF ON HIS VICTORY.

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The quarrel might have ended there with cooler heads, but Southern blood is hot. During the next day at parade Barroll was astonished to hear his name read aloud from the big book, and a demerit was entered against him for ungentlemanly conduct toward a fellow cadet. In the language of the barracks, he was "skinned," and he felt his disgrace keenly. Cadet Captain Langhorne had reported him and every one of the 300 soldier boys knew it. It was really only a very small matter and a common incident in the daily routine of most of the boys in uniform, but to Barroll, who stood on the record as perfect for a year previous, this "skin" report was a serious matter, and he ground his lip between his teeth. This was a double insult, for which he must have satisfaction without delay.

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of these boys are as hard as iron, and forms as supple would be hard to find anywhere else. They are each twenty-two years of age, and expect to graduate next June as full fledged lieutenants in the regular army. They are, in fact, dandy cadets and love a fight better than a dinner. A vacant room was found in the quarters, and immediately after parade on Tuesday the little party gathered in the apartment and prepared for the duel. Both principals threw off coats and vests, buckled the belts tightly and squatted off in position like real prize fighters. There was no ring, but the room was large enough for a good fight, and they had it.

The first five rounds were fought without especial incident, each combatant showing such skill that Professor John L. Sullivan would have been delighted to witness the scrap. In the sixth round Langhorne led out smartly with his right, landed on his opponent's big nose and drew first blood. Then the battle became fast and furious, and up to the thirteenth round there was some very hard hitting and four knockdowns.

During the next two rounds it was fearful slugging, and the boys stood up and took the punishment splendidly. In the sixteenth round the cadets pounded each other fearfully, but there was no sign of letting up. After an hour and three minutes of fighting, and when both boys were covered with blood, the drum call for supper suddenly sounded, and the referee decided it a draw.

When I saw the duellists yesterday their faces showed the terrible punishment which had been received. Their eyes were



blackened, their noses looked beefy and swollen and they felt sore all over. Neither of the principals is yet satisfied and the fight will be finished at some future date.

The officers of the post had not heard anything about the battle on Jan. 20 and great efforts were made to keep the matter quiet.

The negro cadet whose innocent presence caused the trouble is feeling very uncomfortable over the situation and seems not to have a friend in the whole corps.

Tom Meadows, the Australian pugilist, is eager to fight any man in the world.

The boxing tournament of the Varuna Boat Club at Brooklyn, N. Y., was a successful affair.

At St. Louis, on Jan. 21, John F. Donovan defeated Sam Knight in a billiard match of 300 points. Score—Donovan, 300; Knight, 192.

An Australian correspondent writes that young Tom Sayers, of Sydney, sent \$25 to London to do up Tom's grave, which had fallen into disrepair.

"Nigger" Watson knocked out Joe Champion in 11 3-minute rounds at Edgely, N. J., on Jan. 28. The stakes were \$500, including gate money.

At Philadelphia, Jan. 28, Dominick McCaffrey stated he would put up \$500 forfeit and challenge Jack Dempsey to fight for \$2,500 or \$3,000 a side.

The New York "Sun" published a dispatch from Boston, Jan. 28, which stated that John L. Sullivan had run 100 yards with a well-known sprinter and won by ten feet in 3 minutes 2 seconds.

George Le Blanche's benefit, at Boston, on Jan. 25, did not take place, owing to the failure of Jack Fallon to appear. A large crowd was present, and those who paid were returned their money.

Jake Kilrain is doing regular gymnasium exercise at Baltimore, and has reduced his weight by easy work down to 210 pounds. Kilrain weighed 236 pounds before he commenced regular exercise.

The 100-yard foot race for \$500 between David Harris, of Springfield, and Dan Scully, of Brooklyn, N. Y., at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Jan. 26, was won by Harris in 12 seconds. About \$2,000 was wagered on the result.

Frank Stevenson called at the "Police Gazette" office Jan. 23 with Walter Halligan, the ex-champion amateur pugilist, and posted \$100, and Halligan issued a challenge to meet Jack Kenny or Eugene Hornbacker, at 125 pounds, according to Richard K. Fox rules for \$500 a side with gloves.

At Hurley, Wis., on Jan. 21, there was a desperate fight with two-ounce gloves, Queensberry rules, between Joe Sheedy, of East Saginaw, Mich., and Pat Harrington, of Duluth. Eleven bloody rounds were fought. Harrington gained first blood in the second round and Sheedy the first knock-down in the third, and by a swinging right-hander knocked Harrington out in the eleventh.

The twenty-round prize fight with three-ounce gloves between Frank Shepley, of Helena, and Cronin, of New York, who whipped Kelly, which occurred at Missoula, Mont., on Jan. 21, was one of the most spirited and hotly contested battles ever fought in a Montana ring. It was settled in six rounds. Shepley knocking out his antagonist. Cronin was very game. Shepley's hands are battered out of shape, and the other man fared worse.

All arrangements were made at this office recently for the fist encounter between Dominick McCaffrey, of Philadelphia, and Jack Fallon, of Brooklyn. The men are to box ten rounds, according to Richard K. Fox rules, at Cronheim's Theatre, Hoboken, on February 8, the winner to receive 75 per cent. of the gate money and Al Smith to be referee. Both men have gone into training, and it is expected that the affair will be well worth witnessing. Jack Ashton, of Providence, R. I., is to challenge the winner to box 15 rounds for the gate money.

The following challenge was received at this office accompanied by \$100 forfeit:

WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 25, 1889.  
RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.—Dear Sir: I hereby challenge Tom Connors and Jack Carkeek to wrestle in best two in three or three in five catch-as-catch-can or Greco-Roman style for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. Please find enclosed \$100 forfeit to show I mean business.  
DUNCAN C. ROSS, Champion.  
P. S.—I will wrestle either in Milwaukee, Boston or Worcester, Mass.  
D. C. R.

Billy Dacey, the well-known and popular light-weight pugilist, who has engaged in numerous battles in the prize ring, has been matched to meet Jack Costello, of Bay City, with gloves, Richard K. Fox rules, for a purse of \$300, and neither are to exceed 140 pounds at the ring side. Costello is about 27 years old, and is in New York without friends. He came here to get or a match with some good man. He has been in several finish battles, including one with California Jack Dempsey, when he knocked Dempsey out in six rounds, just before the Western phenomenon beat Jack Hopper.

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## REFEREE.

Comments Regarding the Approach-  
ing Fight Between Kil-  
rain and Sullivan.

## JOHN L. UNDOUBTEDLY MEANS BUSINESS.

I learn through the thousands of exchanges that weekly pass beneath my notice that many of the sporting writers have their doubts about the great match between Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan for \$20,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which represents the championship of the world ever taking place.

I remember when John L. Sullivan was matched against Paddy Ryan for \$7,000 and the championship the wisecracks claimed they would never meet in the ring, but they did. Prior to the great international fight between Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan the "know-all" made the same false prophecy, and with the same prophetic inspiration they published that John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell would not enter the ring, and again their prophecies fell to the ground like snowflakes before a spring time sun.

I know one of the contracting parties is certain he will enter the ring on July 8, and he will not pay any attention to idle rumors, but live abstemiously and train thoroughly for the encounter, as he is eager for the fray and sanguine of victory.

I do not know what Sullivan's intentions are, but I should, on general principles, suppose that he is in earnest, for it appears to me that it is the only chance he will have to regain his old-time popularity by attempting to win back the championship, which he fairly lost by his failure to defend the title when it was in his keeping.

If any one doubts that the big match will take place it cannot be on the champion's account. So far, during his pugilistic career, he has never failed to be at his post when time was called, and he has always filled his engagements, even when he had to journey to France to do so. Sullivan, through sickness or something else, may make the great fight sensation of the century a fiasco, but Kilrain, I am sure, will not do so, nor will he place a straw in the way to prevent his meeting Sullivan.

The parties who are finding the sinews of war for Sullivan appear to be willing to either win or lose \$10,000 on the result of a meeting between the two modern gladiators, and if this is the case, next July will witness Kilrain and Sullivan face to face, toe to toe, in the arena battling for more money than was ever fought for since pugilism was first introduced in the seventeenth century.

In these columns, on July 10, 1884, was published the following: "Sullivan does not want to meet every member of the prize ring, who challenges him, and who only desire to lose the championship because they know there are thousands of dollars in gate money. There are plenty of pugilists, both among the middle and heavy-weight division, that would be ready to stand up and be knocked out by the champion, providing Sullivan would agree to allow 30 or 40 per cent. of the gate receipts to go to his opponent. There are only two pugilists that sporting men care about witnessing Sullivan meet. They are John Kilrain, of Boston, and Charley Mitchell."

Sullivan subsequently met Mitchell, and now he is to meet Kilrain.

In the Baltimore "American" I find the following about Kilrain. It says: "Kilrain is extremely careful of his good name, as any Baltimorean who knows him will attest. Certainly his word in this city is above reproach. He never drank to excess; nor did he dispute in any other way. His whole ambition seemed to be to make his family happy, for in his children all his hopes are centered. His love for his home is best illustrated in a remark he made to a New York Herald correspondent in London just after his fight with Smith.

"What was uppermost in your mind while you were in the ring?" he was asked.

"The defeat of Smith," he replied, "and after that my wife, how grieved she would be over my defeat, and how happy if I won."

As to prize fighting, he has frequently told me that he disliked it, and that he would get out of it as soon as he could. This does not mean that he is a coward, for fear is unknown to him. In his estimate of Kilrain, John Boyle O'Reilly, author, poet, journalist and amateur sparrer, once said: "Kilrain is the greatest boxer in the world, but he is too gentle, too modest, too much of a gentleman to be a prize fighter." It seems to me that this little opinion fits him like a glove. Kilrain never sought notoriety. He is an extremely modest fellow, and while he always liked to be accommodated, I have heard him repeatedly ask reporters not to publish too much about him, as the public might think he sought the interview himself. This does not mean that he lacks appreciation of anything that is done for him—far from it. He never forgets a kindness. To illustrate his abhorrence of street or barroom fights, and tough doings of all kinds, he once severely lectured a young friend of his in this city for being "concerned in a free fight."

"I never get mixed up in those affairs," he said, "and it is all because I do not go where they are likely to occur, and if I do I would put up with almost any indignity before I would permit it to be said that I was a bully or a tough."

During his late visit to this city he was several times tendered boxes at the theatres, and with each acceptance he insisted on occupying the least conspicuous seat, permitting his companions to have the best positions. Again, upon leaving Baltimore, about a month ago, he was toasted by a well-known merchant with these words:

"Here's that you may knock out Sullivan in four rounds."

Kilrain, in his modest way, after a little pause, said: "If my ambition to whip him, and I will do my best, but I will be satisfied to knock him out in any round." There was no bluster about this. It was sincere.

These little incidents are given merely to show what a great, big manly heart he has got. When he returns to Baltimore his friends are going to give him the welcome he deserves.

Sullivan, I believe, claims he is growing stronger every day. He will not begin active training for his fight with Kilrain until about the middle of May, as he doesn't believe in long training. The leg which has been troubling the big fellow until a few days ago is now pronounced almost as strong as ever.

"My arm," said Sullivan, "is also as good as it ever was. You know I broke it on Cardiff's hard head, and hurt it again when I met Mitchell. Yes, it was the right. That now appears to be all right, and I apprehend no further trouble from it. Of course it is liable to accident in battle, but otherwise I wouldn't give it for any other right arm in the world. I shall be more careful in smiting my round-arm blows in the future; but then a man is likely to catch the other fellow on the back of the head with his wrist, instead of the knuckles, in a hot fight; that's how I first hurt it."

Touching on the question of the selection of a referee, Sullivan said that the evils likely to grow out of the selection of a man months before the fight were enough to condemn it. "The proper thing to do," said Sullivan, "is to select a man at the ring side. By so doing there is no chance for speculators on the battle to corrupt him. There are always good, honest men to be had at such times, and the crowd generally recognizes this fact and cry out for some one well known to act. Such was the case when I met Ryan, and there was no wrangle or delay."

The Omaha "Herald" says: "The colored pugilist, Jackson, has challenged Kilrain, and the latter has accepted the invitation. Sullivan immediately jumps up and says he will not only fight a 'nigger,' but will refuse to stand up with any

white man who has done so. Between a square up-and-down prize fight, bare knuckles and the rules, and the modern contests of jaw, with sparring, the 'hit and no blood drawn,' we would much prefer the former. There was something to admire in the brawn of Hoeman, and Sayers, and Jim Mace, and Morrissey, and men of that kidney. They didn't do much talking. They simply met and had it out then and there, with as few preliminaries as possible."

Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, made a home run on Jan. 21. He left his combination and came on to this city with Denny Costigan, his boxing partner, and he left on Jan. 23 to join his combination at Cleveland. Dempsey's tour has been a great success, and in every town and city he and Costigan have appeared he has met with tremendous receptions.

In reference to McCaffrey's offer to meet Dempsey in the California Athletic Club, providing the club put up a purse of \$5,000, Dempsey said he would accept, at five minutes' notice, to meet McCaffrey, but that he would require time to train and make arrangements for the meeting.

It is my opinion that if the California Athletic Club should agree to make any fair proposition for a meeting between Dempsey and McCaffrey there would be more interest and excitement over the affair than the matches the California Athletic Club are now arranging. Dempsey is one of the planets in the pugilistic firmament and a wonder at his weight, and the public appreciates his prowess. Like Kilrain, at his weight, he classes and poses as a champion, and, barring accidents, he will probably keep to the fore until he retires from the ring.

By the way, Dempsey has said many harsh words about Mitchell, who recently left for England, and the latter also was not very choice in his remarks about Dempsey; but when courage becomes the mooted question, I think it is out of place, for both possess their share. Dempsey has never proved by his many contests that he did not possess courage; neither has Mitchell ever displayed the white feather. No one would credit the fact that Mitchell intended to fight John L. Sullivan, but he did, and accomplished what no other man ever did. Mitchell can fight, and all the people that think he can't, if they put their opinion any long remove below par, may be sadly disappointed. Of course a damaged hand is a great drawback. It is almost sufficient to make any champion withdraw for all time from the ring, but Mitchell hopes for its recovery, and says if he should be so lucky he will then accommodate Dempsey or anybody else. In fact, I believe he says: "If I fight Dempsey in the spring with skin tight gloves, 30 or 35 rounds, hand right or wrong." And I believe he will.

Now, I remember many champion fistic artists whose hands have been damaged, and with the injury they received ring encounters. One or two will do. Mike Donovan didn't meet George Rooker, after thousands had embarked on Lake Erie to see them fight, because of an injured hand. Billy Edwards was another who disliked bare knuckle work after one of his hands gave way in his battle with Tim Collins for the light-weight championship, and game Mike Cleary has been far removed from his former pugilistic self since he split his "bunch of dimes" on Sheriff's (the Prussian's) head. No, not good hands are required, and perhaps it may be said good arms, too, in affairs of this kind; but perhaps Mitchell has courage enough to have a try at Dempsey, as he says he will, whatever the condition of his hand in the spring.

It would settle the question of superiority if Mitchell and Dempsey were to meet in the arena. A meeting between these famous pugilists would create a furor in all parts of the world.

I found the following in looking over a file of the POLICE GAZETTE, May 8, 1886:

"I think Jack Dempsey has got a better idea of standing a champion than many of those who have held championships in the past. Dempsey does not only prepare for a contest after a match is ratified, but he goes through a regular routine of athletic exercises which render him physically in condition to enter the roped arena when a match is ratified if necessary. Dempsey daily walks, runs or engages in some athletic exercise, and by constant practice at various games he has not only reached the highest pinnacle in the pugilistic firmament, but he has turned out to be an expert roller skater, a fair polo player and quite an orator. If one-half the men who aspire to athletic fame and expect to win championship contests, and hold that high distinction against all comers, should follow the middle-weight champion's mode of operation they would be always ready in condition to engage in any athletic contest, no matter whether it was a prize ring encounter or foot race, aquatic contest or a wrestling match."

I hit the nail on the head, for Dempsey has not yet been defeated.

On Feb. 8, I understand, Dominick McCaffrey is to meet Jack Fallon in a ten minute-round glove contest at Hoboken for the gate receipts, and the winner is to be matched against Jack Ashton. In the meantime, McCaffrey is trying to induce the California Athletic Club to offer a purse of \$5,000 for Dempsey and himself to battle for. Should the club decide to offer the purse, Dempsey will no doubt agree to meet McCaffrey.

I see that George Le Blanche is not going to keep his light any longer under a bushel or engage in any prize ring encounters unless his opponents are nearly up to championship form. He has issued a challenge to meet Johnny Reagan, the well-known welter-weight, in the orthodox 24-foot ring for \$1,000 a side or upward.

There is one thing noteworthy about Le Blanche, and that is he is never looking for cheap notoriety. When he says he will make a match or will enter the arena to battle for wealth or glory he generally carries out the contract.

What will come out of Le Blanche's deft thousands who read these columns will anxiously wait to see. Reagan, the pugilist whom Le Blanche is eager to meet, is one of the best men at his weight now in the ring. His long and desperate battle with Jack Dempsey for \$2,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the middle-weight championship of the world proved this beyond a doubt, but whether he will pick up the gauntlet Le Blanche has thrown down, I am at present unaware.

Reagan's ambition for some time past has been to journey to the Pacific slope to meet young Mitchell. Whether he will give up the proposed journey to pluck feathers nearer home, a few weeks will decide. Should Reagan's backer, Billy Reed, decide to back him against Le Blanche, there is not the least doubt that the proposed meeting would create a great sensation in fistic circles, and the result would be the most desperate encounter ever witnessed in the arena, and both Le Blanche and Reagan would know they had been fighting.

The Rev. Dr. William Ormiston, chaplain of the Grand National Curling Association, on Jan. 30, at Dr. Rossier's church in this city, delivered a sermon to the curlers. The curlers listened attentively, and joined in the singing heartily, several of them having been preceptors in a land where the love of music is part of the nature of the Scottish people. George Grieve, president, and David Foulis, secretary, of the national organization, were present, as were ex-presidents Alexander Dalrymple and John L. Hamilton, of New York city; James Stevens, of Jersey City, and James Stewart, of Yonkers. The clubs represented were Utica, Jersey City, Yonkers, Long Island City, Newark, and St. Andrews, Caledonian, Thistle, Manhattan, Empire City, New York, American, Moholn, Excelsior, John O'Grout and Temple of Honor, all of this city.

Dr. Ormiston took his text from Luke, xii, 15—"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." and the sermon was an eloquent analysis of that sublime truth, comparing material and spiritual wealth both by contrast and resemblance. "By diligence, intelligence, frugality, economy and thrift," said Dr. Ormiston, "a man may attain competence, if not affluence. So a man, by the use of the means provided by God, may gather into himself the moral wealth of purity, goodness, truth, love and Christianlikeness, thus laying up treasures in heaven."

The POLICE GAZETTE Supply and Purchasing Agency, Franklin Square, New York, files orders for all kinds of sporting goods and books at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest rates. Address Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some Facts Concerning the Origin  
of New York Riots  
Since 1741.

## HOW KILRAIN WAS DECLARED CHAMPION.

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Owing to the numerous orders that we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

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M. W. C., Boston.—No.

A READER, N. Y. City.—Yes.

E. J. A., Jr.—Yes. 2. No.

J. H., Rocky Bar, Idaho.—Yes.

S. & W., New York City.—Certainly.

A. B. C., N. Y. City.—Low, Jack wins.

A. J., Harrisburg, Pa.—A wins. 2. No.

T. W. H., Portchester, N. Y.—Jack James.

EVERETT, New Bedford.—Thanks for items.

J. R. D.—We do not know of any opening for you.

B. C., Oregon.—John L. Sullivan is 30 years of age.

F. M., Oneida, Mich.—Such a portrait never appeared.

S. A. J., San Francisco, Cal.—No; but over the rapids.

W. W. S., Trenton, N. J.—We keep no such records.

J. R., Los Angeles, Cal.—Address care Doris' Museum, N. Y. City.

J. J. H.—Phil Casey was born in Queens county, Ireland.

J. N. W., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—We do not know McCaull's address.

J. C. S., New York City.—Address Burt Miller, care of this office.

W. Q. S., Haynes' Junction, N. Y.—We do not know the party you refer to.

B. B., Jersey City.—Send 40 cents, and we will mail you the book you need.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore, Md.—Yes; the battle was for the championship.

D. J., N. Y. City.—Captain Allardice Barclay walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours.

O. K., Jackson street, N. Y. City.—Apply to Billy Edwards at the Hoffman House.

R. M., Mt. Vernon.—The battle ended in a draw, McCaull having the advantage.

D. P., Tioza, Ill.—At what distance do you mean? There are several short distances.

W. H. S., Framingham, Mass.—The next six-day race takes place the first week in May.

A. P. S., Marshalltown, Ia.—In a glove contest with Patsy Cardiff at Minneapolis, Minn.

D. W., Augusta, Ga.—Write to the American News Company, Chambers street, New York city.

J. H. R., Dryden, N. Y.—There is no official record of any horse ever covering that distance.

PUGILIST, Sioux City.—The champion belt has to be held against all comers for three years.

C. W. B., Tomahawk, Wis.—Railroad officials could inform you. We have not the information.

D. C. B., Monmouth, Ill.—You must make your query more explicit. State one of both parties, etc.

G. A. V., Salt Lake City.—1. No. 2. Seven languages. 3. No; he must keep one foot on the ground.

W. F. C., Sioux City, Ia.—We do not know. Breeders of game fowls should advertise in the POLICE GAZETTE.

F. G. M., Newark, N. J.—1. No. 2. Frank Hart and John Hughes won the belt before Littlewood won it.

M. M. M., Baltimore, Md.—Jake Kilrain was never beaten or conquered in either a prize fight or glove contest.

M. P. H., Scranton, Pa.—1. Joe Donoghue's time is the fastest. 2. One minute 27 1/2 seconds, made by Ben Broock.

G. W. B., Loganport, Ind.—Four sizes, in throwing poker dice, beat four fives, four threes, two or four aces.

W. O., Salt Lake City.—1. No. 2. Jack Dempsey was born in the County of Kildare, Ireland. 3. McKeesport, Pa.

T. M. C., Stockbridge, Mass.—1. We have no such records. 2. Send 30 cents for the "American Athlete" to this office.

D. J., Albany, N. Y.—You can procure either sporting goods or sporting pictures of McCaull, Kilrain, Sullivan or Dempsey at this office.

H. A., Halcottville, Tex.—We do not know who sells game fowls. There is no one who advertises game fowls for sale in the POLICE GAZETTE.

D. D., Cherokee, Kan.—1. Send 25 cents for "The Champions of the American and English Prize Ring." It contains all such records. 2. Forty three.

NO SIGNATURE, Chicago.—1. Kilrain will be thirty years of age next month. 2. Write to Inspector Thomas Byrnes, of the New York Police Department.

H., Paterson, N. J.—Send 25 cents for "The Life and Battles of Jake Kilrain." It contains a record of the battles of Jim Smith, the English champion.

N. E.—Owing to the many letters received from parties desiring to purchase game fowls, it would pay breeders to insert an advertisement in these columns.

INQUIRER, Chicago.—1. A shell. 2. Yes, and refilled. 3. Send for "The Champions of the Prize Ring." 4. We do not know where to buy burglars' tools.

C. H. F., FAYOR, Chicago, Ill.—1. Send 25 cents for the "Champions of the American and English Prize Ring." 2. In 1884. 3. Greenfield is 14 years of age.

J. H. R., Syracuse, N. Y.—Charley Mitchell and Dominick McCaffrey boxed at Madison Square Garden. The referee decided McCaffrey won, but it was an unfair decision.

J. P. E., Willink, Erie Co., N. Y.—1. 10 to 5 seconds. 2. John Toomer has beaten Edward Hanlan's time. 3. The fastest 3-mile rowing time is 19 minutes 54 seconds, by Jake Gaudaur.

M. Union.—There is only one belt that represents the heavy-weight championship. It is the trophy Kilrain and Sullivan are to battle for on July 8. Sullivan has a belt that he was presented with.

M. J. S., Boston.—1. Yes. 2. Walking 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours, one mile and a half each hour, successively, was performed by Wm. Gale at Littlebridge, London, Eng. Aug. 26, 1877, finished Oct. 6, 1877.

M. J. D., Haverstraw, N. Y.—It was on December 1, 1888, John L. Sullivan posted \$5,000 with the "Herald" and issued a challenge to meet Jake Kilrain for \$10,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which represents the championship of the world.

P. M. R., Byron Centre, Mich.—At the expiration of 3 minutes a round ends, when pugilists battle according to Richard K. Fox rules, and at the end of a knock-down or fall when London prize ring rules govern. Kilrain won the championship by John L. Sullivan's failure to accept a challenge to contend for the title.

C. C. B., Sacramento, Cal.—1. Yes. 2. Sullivan only fought twice by London rules—with Paddy Ryan and Charley Mitchell. 3. Send \$1 to Richard K. Fox, when he will mail you books containing the records. 4. Kilrain won the title of champion by Sullivan, when the latter was champion, refusing to defend it on being challenged by Kilrain.

D. J. W., Kansas City.—The first riot in New York city was in 1741, when twenty negroes were hanged, thirteen burned at the stake and seventy eight transported. In 1788, in the summer, occurred the "doctors' riot," when the mob, indignant at the

exposure of the secrets of the dissecting room, attacked the hospital physicians. In May, 1840, occurred the Macready riot, on June 9, 1857, the City Hall riot, caused by the resistance of Mayor Fernando Wood to the enforcement of the National Prohibition act. On July 1, 1864, occurred the riot in the city, caused by the resistance of the Irish to the draft. Over 1,000 persons were killed. On July 12, 1877, occurred the Orange riot, caused by the determination of the Ancient Order of United Workmen that the Orange societies should not parade; over 100 persons were killed. The last riot, or tumult, was in the summer of 1888, during the street car strike, when an attempt was made to run a car through Grand street. Almost as strange as the coincidence in the time of these riots is the fact that we generally call them by wrong names. The negroes didn't begin the trouble in 1741, nor did the physicians in 1788. It was the friends of Forrest, not of Macready, who caused the riots in 1840, and the Orangemen had nothing to do with causing the Orange riots in 1871.

CONSTANT READER, Waukesha.—At the time Jim Smith first issued a challenge to fight any man in the world, three years ago, the POLICE GAZETTE offered to match Sullivan against Smith for \$10,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" belt, representing the championship of the world, the battle to take place in France or Spain. Sullivan agreed to meet Smith, but just when arrangements were about to be completed the former pronounced that if Smith wanted to arrange a match the battle would have to be fought in Ireland. Smith, on being informed of the proposition of the American champion, agreed that Ireland should be the battle ground. Again, when the match was about being ratified, Sullivan claimed that he was going into business with Billy Bennett in this city, and that if Smith wanted to fight for the championship of the world he would have to come to America. Later, Jake Kilrain agreed to take Sullivan's place, but he did not want to go to England, to meet Smith except as the representative champion of America. Kilrain agreed to meet Sullivan and battle for the title and \$5,000 a side. Sullivan claimed he wanted to battle for \$10,000 a side. Kilrain's backer offered to put up the \$10,000 for \$1 right, but \$5,000, which had been put up with the New York Clipper on his behalf, was not covered. The Clipper, therefore, declared Kilrain the champion, and as such he was matched to meet the English champion. This is now prize ring history.

## SPORTING NOTES.

The first international chess tournament will be held during March in this city.

Davy Johnson, the well-known bookmaker, won the first prize in the bookmakers' billiard tournament in this city.

George Young, the clever little pugilist, died in Boston on Jan. 31 from an abscess in his throat. Young was 31 years old.

A Boston club has opened negotiations for a glove contest between Sparrow Golden of this city and Jack Wannop. They offer a \$500 purse.

A business man in Minneapolis offers to bet \$1,000 to \$500 that Black, the Canadian skater, can defeat Paulsen, the champion from Norway.

Recently General Faine received the elegant Morgan cup, won by the Volunteer in the race from Vineyard Haven to Marblehead in 1887.

Ed Holake, Sullivan's advance agent, has opened an office at No. 312 Stock Exchange place, this city, and will deal in stocks under the firm name of Ed. C. Holake & Co.

At Bull's Head Station, S. Y., on Jan. 22, Dolly Parker of Elizabeth and Joe Donoghue fought for \$500. Fourteen rounds were fought, when Parker was declared the winner.

Near New Durham, N. J., on Jan. 21, Pete Gillen and Hank Brody fought 10 rounds with all-in fight gloves, Queensberry rules, for a purse of \$200. Brody won by knocking Gillen out.

Frank Murphy, who recently defeated Jimmy Hagan in Camden, is matched to fight Johnny Griffin, of Braintree, Mass., at the next meeting of the Athenian Club, Boston. Fifteen rounds are the conditions and \$500 the purse.

At Tarrytown, N. Y., on Jan. 22, a match was arranged between Paddy, of Tarrytown, and Blasher, of New York, to fight at 28 pounds for \$500 according to "Police Gazette" rules. The dispute is to be settled in three weeks.

John McGowan and Ed Moon met in a blacksmith's shop near Flatbush, L. I., on Jan. 22, and fought three rounds, London rules, for a purse. Moon was knocked out in the third round by a swinging right-hand. The battle lasted 11 minutes.

On Jan. 20, at Point Comfort, Va., J. P. Wendt, for a wager of \$200, undertook to swim from Soldier's Home to Old Point Comfort in 3 hours and 30 minutes. He accomplished the feat in 2 hours 27 minutes. One of Wendt's hands was bound behind his back.

At Ridgewood, N. J., on Jan. 22, Jack Quinn, the Scotch light-weight, was badly whipped by Pat Farley of Brooklyn. Nine rounds were fought and when time for the tenth round was called Quinn refused to come to the scratch, and the Brooklyn lad took the whole bonde.

At Rocky Hill, Conn., on Jan. 20, one of the most important cocking matches that has taken place in many years was concluded. The battle was fought in the attic of a deserted farmhouse and around the pit were well-dressed business men, lawyers, physicians, gentlemen, gamblers, toughs and country sports.

The friends of young Joe Donoghue at Newburg, N. Y., who know the seventeen-year-old lad well are much pleased at his remarkable skating performance abroad. It is the opinion of his father and his friends that Joe's want of practice has been greatly against him, and that he would have done better than he has had he had the needed preliminary work. He will be given a rousing reception on his return home.

At Gravesend, L. I., on Jan. 21, Eddie De Lacey knocked out Harry Duncan, after fighting 10 rounds, in 27 minutes. Duncan is twenty years of age, 5 feet 6 1/2 tall, and weighed 135 pounds. His seconds were his brother and "Bude" Davis. De Lacey was looked after by Frank Buckley and a friend. He is two years older, two pounds heavier and stood half an inch taller than Duncan. Billy Cahill, the heavy-weight, was referee.

A letter has been received at this office from Hugh Watson, the editor of the Trinity Herald of Trinity, La., suggesting that the battle between Sullivan and Kilrain take place at Cataboula, which is easily accessible by boat or train from Natchez, Miss. He says: "A boat could be in waiting and I could land you in a spot where all would be safe." A copy of the letter was sent to Sullivan and Kilrain, so that they could give it their personal attention.

The wrestling match at Seattle, W. T., on Jan. 20, between Peter Schumaker and James Paikner, the famous English wrestler, must have been a fixture for Paikner was defeated. The match was, however, quite an interesting affair. The first bout, Grigio-Roman, was won by Schumaker in 11 minutes 12 seconds. The second bout, catch-as-catch-can, was won by Paikner in 7 minutes. The last bout, catch-as-catch-can, on Paikner's choice, was won by Schumaker in 4 minutes. Paikner weighed 135 pounds and Schumaker 143 pounds.

A. Jefferson, Ill., on Jan. 21, Dan Washburn and Mike Barrett fought for a purse. From the start Barrett clearly had the best of the fight from the second round. In the eighth Washburn's face was so badly swollen, and out that his features were hardly recognizable. Barrett's left eye was closed, but he showed no other signs of punishment. The men had been together but a moment in the tenth round when Barrett's right suddenly shot out and landed with crushing effect on Washburn's neck. The youngster went down like a log and lay on the floor fifteen seconds. The fight and the money were then given to Barrett.

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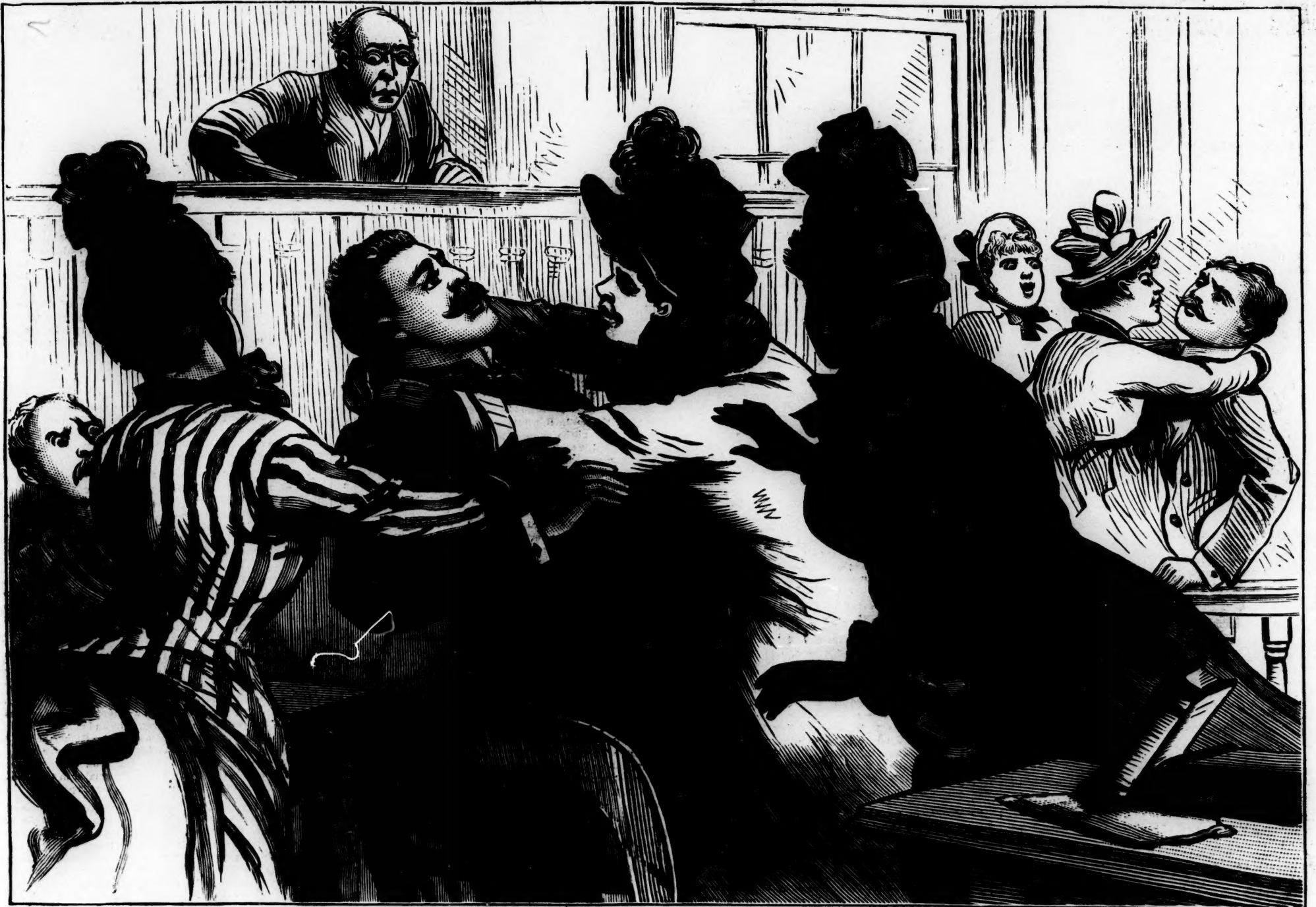
TOOK HIM FOR A WHITE CAP.

THE FATAL MISTAKE OF JOHN MCNEILL, WHO SHOT AND KILLED HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW NEAR MOUNT HOLLY, NEW JERSEY.



THEY FOUGHT IN EARNEST.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD'S DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH RUNNING DEER, A DRUNKEN COMANCHE, IN THE STANDARD THEATRE, CINCINNATI, O.



STARTLING CLOSE OF A BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT.

MR. JULIUS RICKET, THE WINNER, IS EMBRACED BY FIVE BUXOM WOMEN IN A NEW YORK CITY COURT.

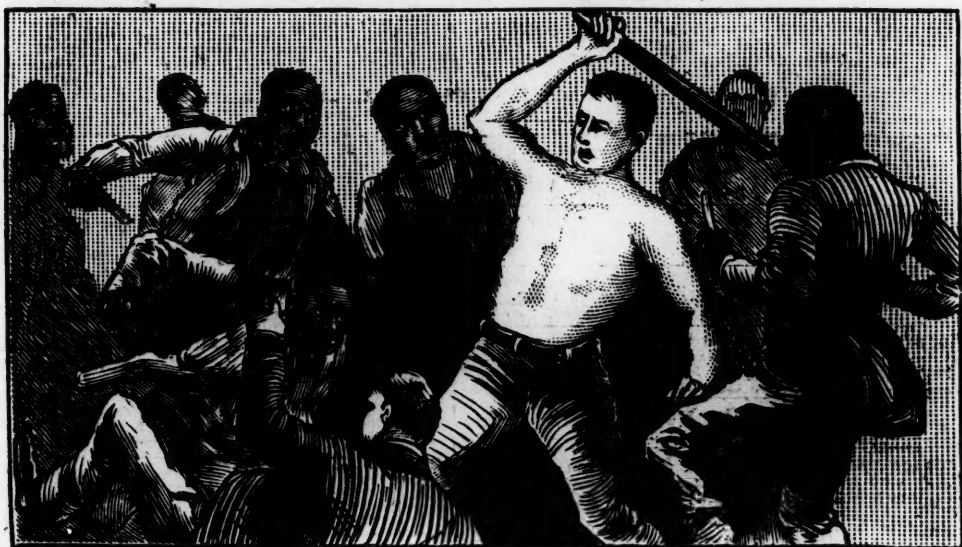




MISS JESSIE OAKES,  
THE FEMALE CHAMPION BICYCLE RIDER OF ENGLAND.



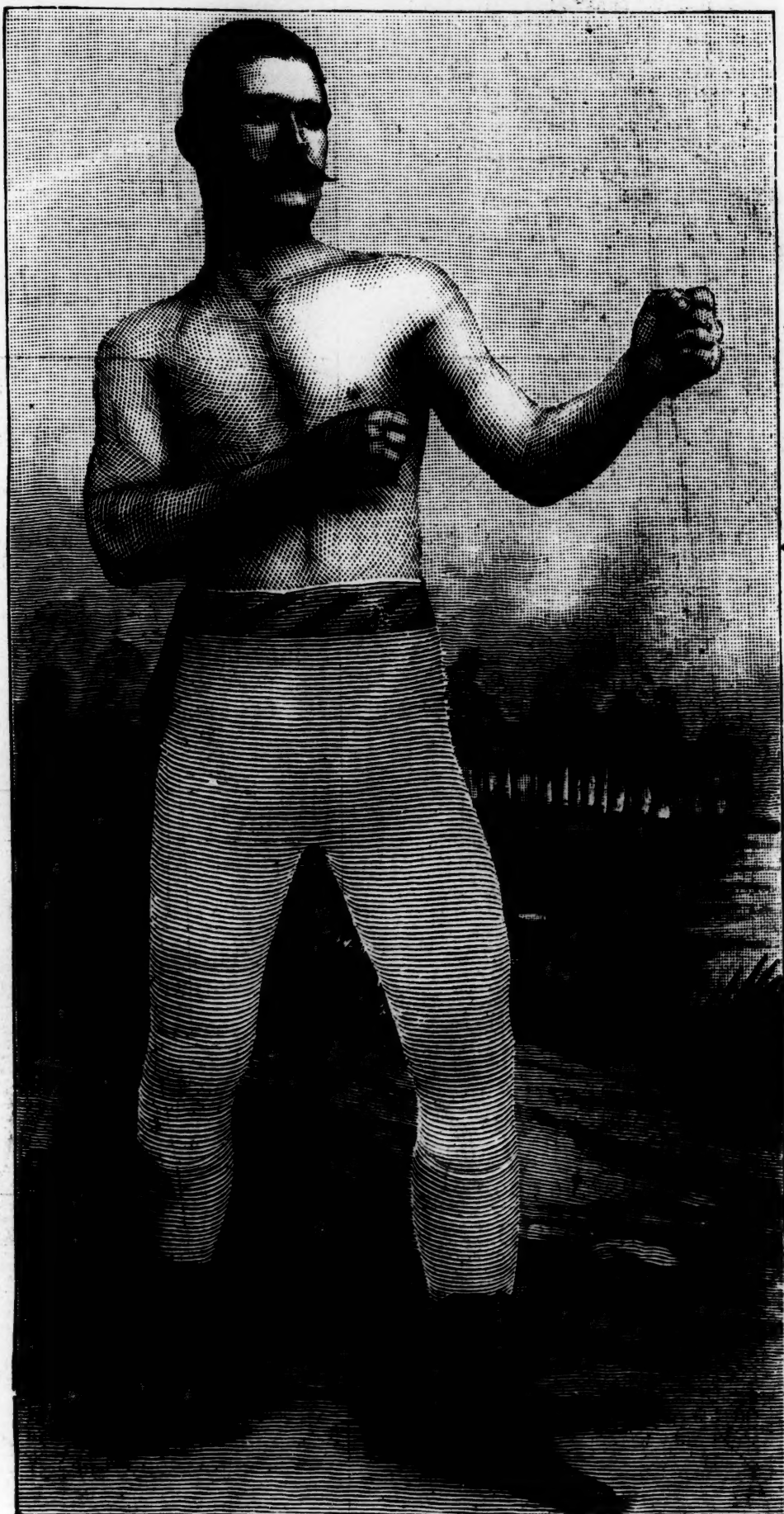
BURT MILLER,  
THE VETERAN SPORTING MANAGER OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.



FOUGHT ACCORDING TO THEIR OWN RULES.  
DESPERATE "GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE" ENCOUNTER BETWEEN YOUNG MURPHY AND  
WILLIAM WESTON NEAR HESSVILLE, IND.



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FRANK P. SLAVIN,  
THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION PUGILIST OF AUSTRALIA.

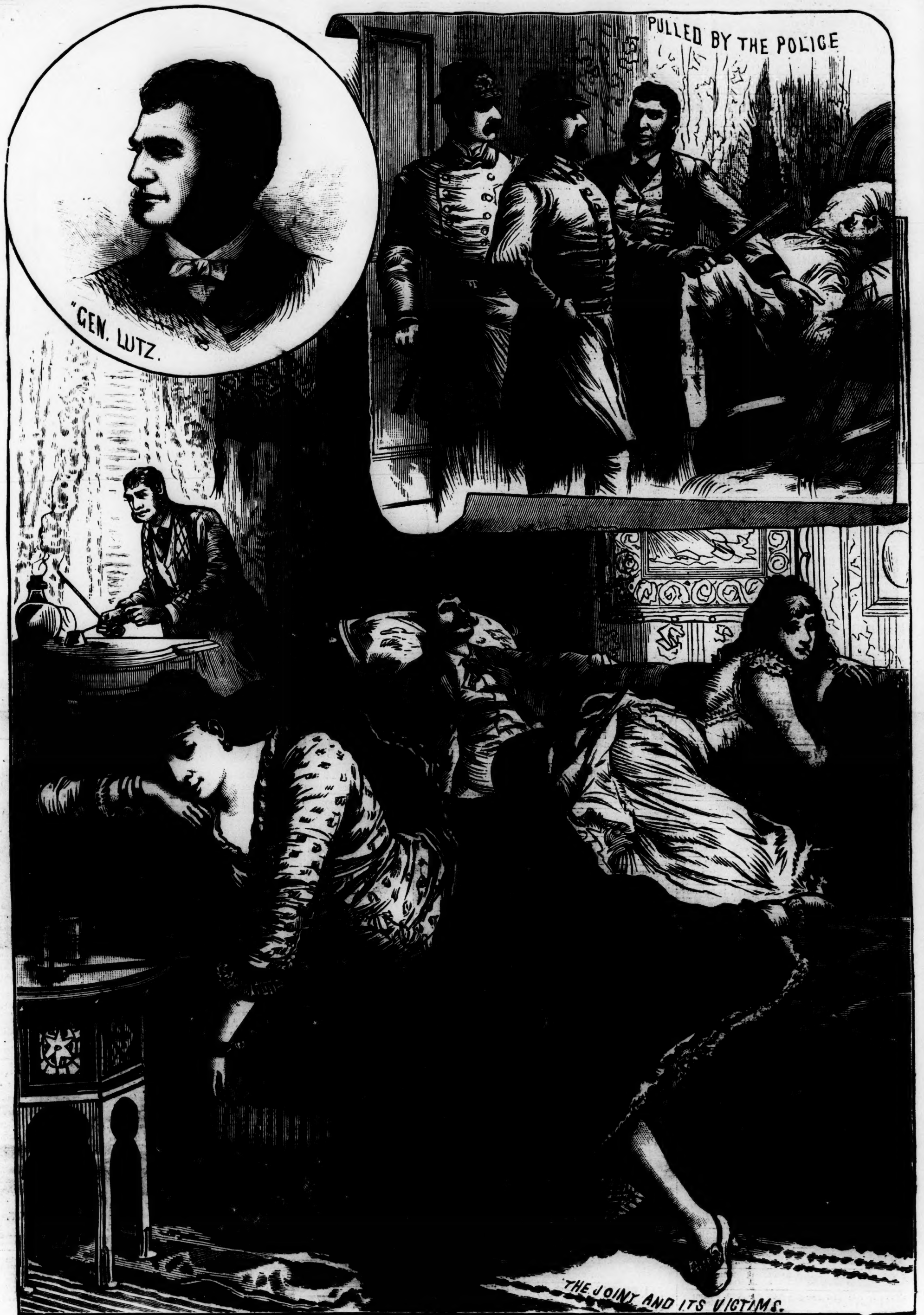






## MEDICAL





**THE GENERAL HIT THE PIPE, TOO.**

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